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NASH

LENTEN

STUFF

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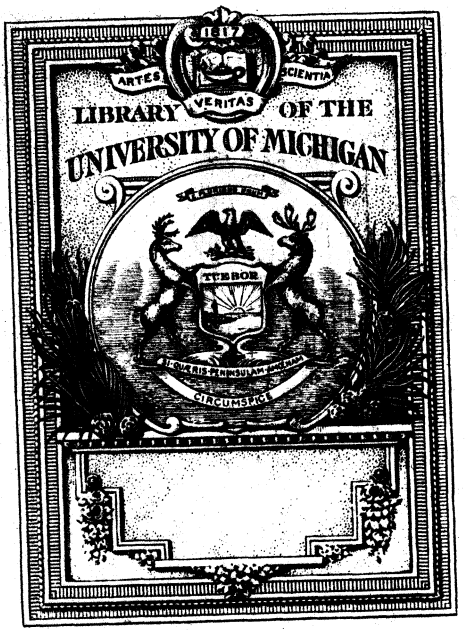
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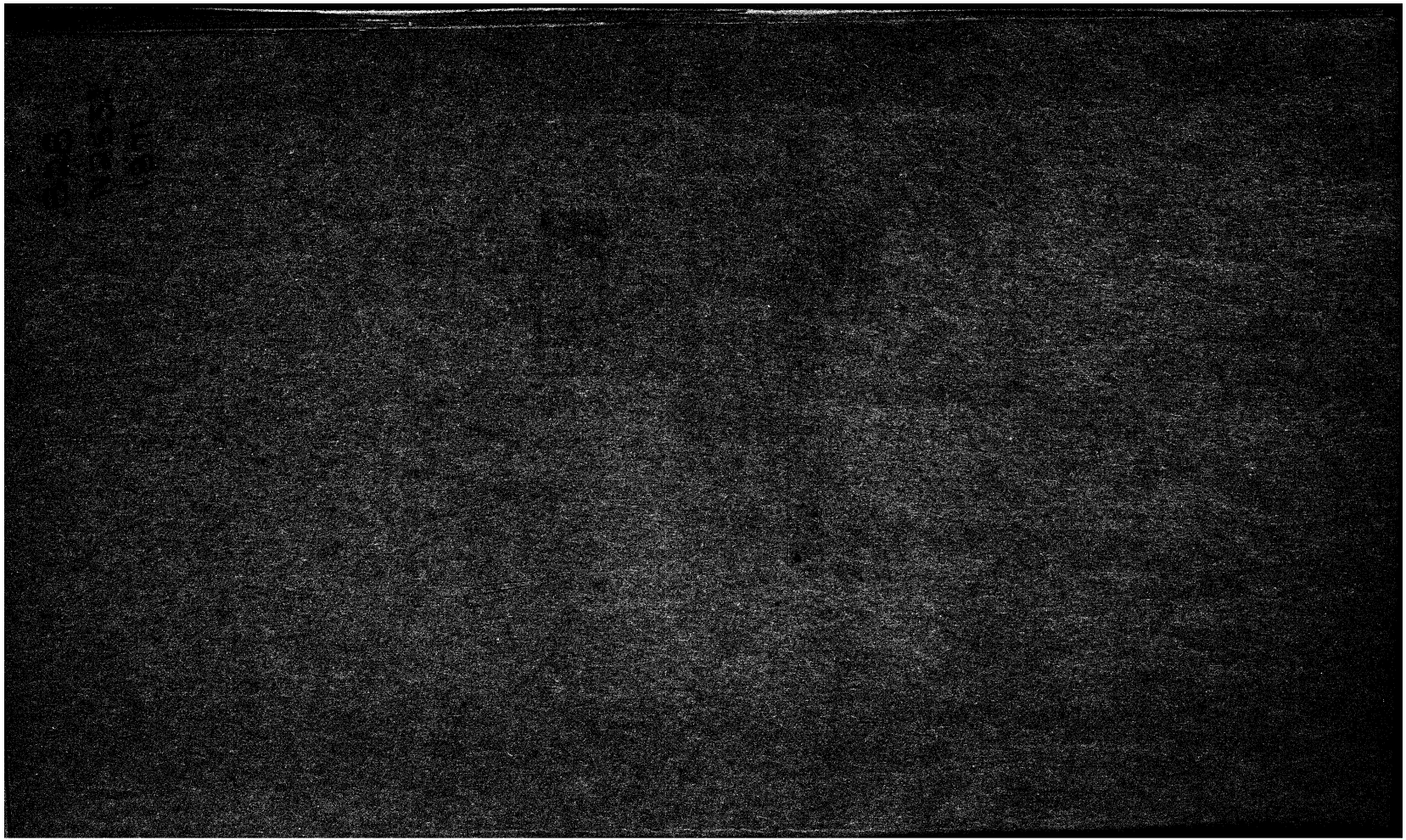

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NASH'S

LENTEN STUFF.

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NASH'S LENTEN STUFF:

CONTAINING

THE DESCRIPTION AND FIRST PROCREATION AND INCREASE

OF THE

TOWN OF GREAT YARMOUTH,

IN NORFOLK:

WITH A NEW PLAY, NEVER PLAYED BEFORE,

OF THE

PRAISE OF THE RED-HERRING.

Fit for all Clerks of Noblemen's kitchens to be read; and not unnecessary by all Serving-Men, who have short Board-wages, and to be remembered.

Famam peto per undas.

Edited by CHARLES HINDLEY.

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER,
196, STRAND,
(Opposite St. Clement Danes Church).
1871.

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INTRODUCTION.

NASH'S LENTEN STUFF was the last written work of its author, and which the learned and industrious John Payne Collier somewhat aptly designates as a "lively paradoxical *Praise of the Red-Herring*, and a highly humorous and ingenious performance, which must—he adds—have been written when its author was in high health and spirits." In 1598 Nash, after his return from Ireland, visited the town of Great Yarmouth, as he informs us, for five or six weeks. "I arrived," he says, "at the latter end of autumn, where having scarce looked about me, my presaging mind said to itself, *Hic favonius serenus est hic auster umbricus*, this is a predestinated fit place for *Pierce Penniless* to set his staff in;" and having obtained a loan of money there, and taken a part in the festivities then going on in the town, he formed an acquaintance with one Humphrey King, "King of the Tobacconists," the author of a poem entitled "An Halfe-penny-worth of Wit in a Penny-worth of Paper, or The Hermit's Tale," to whom Nash dedicated his work, and as a return for all favours granted, writes, "Because I had money lent me at Yarmouth, I pay them again in praise of their own town and the Red-Herring—to be seen when I am dead and under ground." Yet it is to be remembered that, though inspired with new life and energy when at Yarmouth in 1598, Nash had not long to live. His "Lenten Stuff" was published in 1599, 4to, in the black letter, containing 83 pages, including the Title, EpistleDedicatory, and Address, of which there is a very fine copy in the British Museum, "Press mark" 1029. e, 21.

THOMAS NASH, "an author by profession"—the creature of genius, of famine, and despair—the friend and boon companion of Robert Greene, Kit Marlowe, Peele, Lodge, and that *clique*, the former of whom had been the first to attack Shakespeare on the score of his little country grammar; his education at a country grammar-school; and charged him with plucking the feathers from the wing of Learning for the purpose of beautifying himself—"for there is an upstart crow supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."*

THOMAS NASH—he who descended from the Nashes in Hertfordshire, and received his education at St. John's, Cambridge, at which College he informs us, "I once took up my inn, for seven years together lacking a quarter, and yet love it still; for it is, and ever was the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that University"—was one of the most satirical writers in the age of Elizabeth and hath proclaimed himself to the world as *Pierce Penniless*, and on a retrospect of his literary life observes, that he had "set up late and rose early, contended with the cold, and conversed with scarcity:" he says, "all my labours turned to loss—I was despised and neglected, my pains not regarded, or slightly rewarded, and I myself, in prime of my best wit, laid open to poverty. Whereupon I accused my fortune, railed on my patrons, bit my pen, rent my papers and raged. How many base men that wanted those parts I had, enjoyed content at will, and had wealth at command! I called to mind a cobbler that was worth five hundred pounds; an hostler that had built a goodly

* *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit; Bought with a Million of Repentance*, 1592.

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inn ; a carman in a leather pilch that had whipt a thousand pounds out of his horse's tail—and have I more than these? thought I to myself; am I better brought up? yea, and better favoured? and yet am I a beggar? How am I crost, or whence is this curse? Even from hence, the men that shall employ such as I am, enamoured of their wits, though they be never so scurvy; that a scrivener is better paid than a scholar, and men of art must seek to live among cormorants, or be kept under by dunces, who count it policy to keep them bare to follow their books the better."

Such was the miserable cry of an "author by profession" in the reign of Elizabeth. Nash not only renounces his country in despair, and hesitates on "the faulty means" which have appeased the pangs of many of his unhappy brothers, but he proves also the weakness of the moral principle among these men of genius; for he promises, "If any Mæcenas bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some round liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any poet of my beardless years shall in England; but," he adds, "if I be sent away with a flea in my ear, let him look that I will rail on him soundly; not for an hour or a day, while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to times to come of this beggarly parsimony." He made his supplication to the Devil because he had not then found his Patron Saint. At page 90 he has found his man. He calls him "one of the bright stars of nobility, and glistering attendants on the true Diana." He is also "the matchless image of honour, and magnificent rewarder of virtue; Jove's eagle-born Ganymede; thrice noble Amyntas;" This description fits no one so perfectly as it does the young Earl of Southampton. It sets before us the very image of youth, which Shakespeare calls "more lovely than Adonis." We know that Nash was under the patronage of Shakespeare's friend. In the year 1594 he dedicated his work, *The Unfortunate Traveller; or, the Life Jack Wilton*, to the Earl of Southampton, with a reference to the difference betwixt it and earlier writings and this work; so that there is no doubt of "Pierce Penniless" being inscribed to the Earl of Southampton in person, if not by name, or that Nash's was the "alien pen" that had followed Shakespeare in writing privately to the Earl.

At the close of Nash's university career, about 1587, he went up to London, where he joined Greene, who had also been educated at St. John's College, and after spending a few years in visiting the Continent, and moving about from place to place without any settled employment, he at length took up his abode in London as a literary adventurer. His pugnacious propensity hurried him at once into the contest with the Puritans in the Martin Mar-Prelate controversy. He attacked them with their own favourite weapons of ridicule and invective, and proved more than a match for them. *An Almond for a Parrot, or Cutbert Curry-Knaves Almes; Martin's Month's Mind; A Countercuff given to Martin Junior*, &c., following each other in rapid succession, overwhelmed his opponents with a shower of humourous sallies and cutting jibes. Such a clever satirist could scarcely fail to attract notice. Accordingly he soon became a reigning wit at supper-tables, and a choice boon companion among literary men of pleasure.

"The materials for Nash's biography are scanty, and the few details furnished from different sources involve contradiction. He was a native of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, where he was born 1567. The latter portion of his life was passed in profligacy and distress, and a considerable portion of it in the gaols of the metropolis. Like Greene, he became penitent towards the end, and in a pamphlet, entitled *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, expressed contrition for his writings and his conduct to Dr. Gabriel Harvey and others. The cause of his death, about 1600, is unknown.

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NASHE'S LENTEN STUFFE:

Containing The Description and first Procreation and Increase of the Towne of Great Yarmouth, in Norffolke: With a new Play, never played before of the *Praise of the Red-Herring.* Fitte of all Clearks of Noblemen's Kitchins to be read; and not unnecessary by all serving-men, that have short Boorde-Wages, to be remembered.

Famam peto per undas.

LONDON:
Printed for N. L. and C. B., and are to be Sold at the West End of Paule's.
1599.

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To his worthy, good patron, Lusty Humphrey,[1] according as the townsmen do christen him; Little Numps, as the nobility and courtiers do name him; and Honest Humphrey, as all his friends and acquaintance esteem him; King of the Tobacconists hic & ubique, and a singular Mæcenas to the Pipe and Tabor (as his patient livery attendant can witness) his bounden orator, T. N. most prostrately offer up this tribute of ink and paper.

MOST courteous, unlearned lover of poetry, and yet a poet thyself, of no less price than H. S. that, in honour of Maid-marian,[2] gives sweet marjoram for his empress, and puts the sow[3] most saucily upon some great

[1]LUSTY HUMPHREY.—Humphrey King, a poetical writer, of whom little or nothing more is known than what may be gleaned from Nash's dedication. His choice poem of "An Halfe-penny-worth of Wit, in a Penny-worth of Paper; or, The Hermite's Tale," occurred in Doctor Farmer's collection, and was purchased for the late Duke of Roxburghe.

[2]MAID-MARIAN.—A popular character in the old morris dance, which was often a man in female clothes, and occasionally a strumpet. Hence the term was sometimes applied with no very flattering intention.

[3]Sow.—A head.

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personage, whatever she be, bidding her (as it runs in the old song)

——————— Go from my garden, go,
For there no flowers for thee do grow.

These be to notify to your diminutive excellence, and compendious greatness, what my zeal is towards you, that in no streighter bonds would be pounded and inlisted, than in an epistle dedicatory. Too many more lusty blood Bravemente Signiors, with Cadiz beards, as broad as sculler's maples, that they make clean their boots with, could I have turned it over, and had nothing for my labour, some fair words excepting; good sir, will it please you to come near, and drink a cup of wine? After my return from Ireland, I doubt not but my fortunes will be of some growth to requite you. In the meantime, my sword is at your command; and (before God) money so scatteringly runs here and there upon *Utensilia*, furnitures, ancients, and other necessary preparations (and, which is a double charge, look how much tobacco we carry with us to expel cold, the like quantity of staves aker[1] we must provide us of to kill lice in

[1]STAVES AKER.—A species of larkspur, a native of the south of Europe, and other warm countries. The seeds were formerly imported for medical uses. They were particularly in repute for destroying vermin in the head.—"Staves-aker! that's good to kill vermin, then belike if I serve you I shall be lousy."—*Marlowe's Dr. Faustus.*

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that rugged country of rebels) that I say unto you in the words of a Martialist, We cannot do as we would. I am no incredulous Didymeus, but have more faith to believe they have no coin, than they have means to supply themselves with it, and so leave them. To any other carpet-monger, or Primrose Knight of Primero,[1] bring I a dedication; if the dice over night have not befriended him, he sleeps five days and five nights to new-skin his beauty, and will not be known he is awake till his men, upon their own bonds (a dismal world for trenchermen, when their masters bonds shall not be so good as theirs) have took up commodities,[2] or fresh droppings of the mint for him: and then; what then? He pays for the ten dozen of balls he left upon the score at the tennis court; he sends for the barber to depure, decurtate, and sponge him, whom having not paid a twelve-month before, he now rains down eight quarter angels into his hand, to make his liberality seem greater, and gives

[1] PRIMERO.—A game at cards, said by some writers to be one of the oldest known in England.—"I never prosper'd since I foreswore myself at Primero."—"And left him at Primero with the Duke of Suffolk."—*Shakespeare.* In the Marquis of Worcester's Centuary of Inventions—No. 89—is "White silk knotted in the fingers of a pair of white gloves, and so contrived without suspicion, that playing at Primero at cards, one may without clogging his memory keep reckoning of all sixes, sevens, and aces which he hath discarded."

[2] COMMODITIES.—Wares taken in payment by needy persons who borrow money of usurers; Interest. DROPPINGS OF THE MINT—OR "*Mint Sauce*;" money.

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him a cast riding jerkin, and an old Spanish hat into the bargain, and God's peace be with him. The chamber is not rid of the smell of his feet, but the greasy shoemaker with his squirrel's skin, and a whole stall of ware upon his arm, enters, and wrencheth his legs for an hour together, and after shews his tally. By S. Loy that draws deep, and by that time his tobacco merchant is made even with, and he hath dined at a tavern, and slept his under-meal at a bawdy-house, his purse is on the heild,[1] and only forty shillings he hath behind to try his fortune with at the cards in the presense-[chamber]; which if it prosper, the court cannot contain him, but to London again he will, to revel it and have two plays in one night, invite all the poets and musicians to his chamber the next morning, where, against their coming, a whole heap of money shall be spread upon the board, and all its trunks opened to show its rich suits, but the devil a whit he bestows on them, save bottle ale and tobacco, and desires a general meeting.

The particular of it is, that Bounty is bankrupt, and lady Sensuality licks all the fat from the seven liberal sciences; that Poetry, if it were not a trick to please my lady, would be excluded out of Christian burial, and, instead of wreaths of laurel to crown it

[1] HEILD.—Decrease; wane.

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with, have a bell with a cock's comb clapped on the crown of it by old *Johannes de Indagines*, and his choir of Dorbellists. Wherefore, the premises considered (I pray you consider of that word *Premises*, for somewhere I have borrowed it) neither to rich, noble, right worshipful or worshipful, of spiritual or temporal, will I consecrate this work but to thee and thy capering humour alone; that, if thy stars had done thee right, they should have made thee one of the mightiest princes of Germany, not for thou canst drive a coach, or kill an ox so well as they, but that thou art never well but when thou art amongst the retinue of the Muses, and there spendest more to the twinkling of an eye, than in an whole year thou gettest by some grasierly gentility thou followest. A king thou art by name[1] and a king of good-fellowship by nature, whereby I ominate this encomium of the King of Fishes was predestinated to thee from thy swaddling clothes. Hug it, ingle it, kiss it, and cull it now thou hast it, and renounce eating of green beef and garlick till Martlemas, if it be not the next style to "The Strife of Love in a Dream:" or, "The lamentable Burning of Tiverton." Give me good words, I beseech thee, though thou givest me nothing else, and thy words shall stand for thy deeds, which

[1] A KING THOU ART BY NAME.—*See* Note 1 page xi.

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I will take as well in worth, as if they were the deeds and evidences of all the land thou hast. Here I bring you a red-herring, if you will find drink to it, there's an end, no other detriments will I put you to. Let the can of strong ale [be] your constable, with the toast [for] his brown bill[1] and sugar and nutmegs his watchmen, stand in a readiness to entertain me every time I come by your lodging. In Russia there are no presents but of meat or drink; I present you with meat, and you, in honourable courtesy to requite me, can do no less than present me with the best morning's draught of merry-go-down[2] in your quarters; and so I kiss the shadow of your feets shadow, amiable donsel,[3] expecting your sacred poem of "The Hermit's Tale," that will restore the golden age amongst us, and so, upon my soul's knees, I take my leave.

Yours, for a whole Last[4] of Red-Herrings,

TH. NASH.

[1]BROWN-BILL.—A brown bill was a kind of battle-axe or halbert, affixed to a long staff, and used by the English soldiery, and also by constables:

"Which is the constable's house?
At the sign of the *Brown-Bill.*"
Middleton's, Blurt, Master Constable, or the Spaniard's Nighte-Walke, 1602.

[2]MERRY-GO-DOWN.—An old cant term for strong ale, or huff-cap.

[3]DONSEL.—A youth of good birth but not knighted.

[4]LAST OF HERRINGS.—Ten thousand.—(1871.)

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To his Readers, he cares not what they be.

NASH'S Lenten Stuff! And why Nash's Lenten Stuff? Some scabbed scalled Esquire replies: Because I had money lent me at Yarmouth; and I pay them again in praise of their own town and the red-herring. And, if it were so, Goodman Pigwiggen, were not that honest dealing? Pay thou all thy debts so, if thou canst for thy life. But thou art a ninny-hammer, that is not it; therefore, Nickneacave, I call it Nash's Lenten Stuff, as well for that it was most of my study the last Lent as that we use so to term any fish that takes salt, of which the red-herring is one of the aptest. O! but, saith another John Dringle, there is a book of the Red-Herring's Tail,[1] printed four terms since, that made this stale. Let it be a

[1] RED-HERRING'S TAIL.—A Herring's Tayle: contayning a poeticall Fiction of diuers Matters worthie the Reading. London. For Matthew Lownes, 1598, 4to. This Fiction appears to allude to some dispute between two eminent personages of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Allusions are made to the writings of Spencer and Sydney. There is a very fine copy of this scarce poem in the British Museum, the "Press Mark" to which is 1077. b. 46. *See* Fry, Biblio. Memo. pp. 156 to 162.

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tail of haberdine,[1] if it will, I am nothing entailed thereunto; I scorn it, I scorn it, that my works should turn tail to any man. Head, body, tail, and all of a red-herring you shall have of me, if that will please you; or, if that will not please you, stay till Easter term, and then, with the answer to the Trim-Tram,[2] I will make you laugh your hearts out. Take me at my word, for I am the man that will do it. This is a light friskin of my wit, like the praise of injustice, the fever quartan,[3] Busiris, or Phalaris, wherein I follow the trace of the famousest scholars of all ages, whom a wantonizing humour once in their life-time hath possessed to play with straws, and turn mole-hills into mountains.

Every man can say "Bee to a battledore," and write in praise of virtue and the seven Liberal Sciences; thrash corn out of the full sheaves, and fetch water out of the Thames; but out of dry stubble to make an after-harvest, and a plentiful crop without sowing, and wring juice out of a flint, that is "Pierce a God's name," and the right trick of a workman. Let me speak to you about my huge words, which I use in this book, and then you are your own men to do what you list. Know, it is my true vein to be *Tragicus Orator*, and, of all styles, I most

[1] HABERDINE.—Salted cod.

[2] TRIM-TRAM.—A trifle, or absurdity.

[3] FEVER QUARTAN.—a fourth day ague.

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affect and strive to imitate Aretine's,[1] not caring for this demure, soft *mediocre genus*, that is like water and wine mixed together; but give me pure wine of itself, and that begets good blood, and heats the brain thoroughly. I had as live have no sun, as have it shine faintly; no fire, as a smothering fire of small coals; no clothes, rather than wear linsey-woolsey. Apply it for me, for I am called away to correct the faults of the press, that escaped in my absence from the printing-house.

[1]To Imitate Aretine's.—Nash was a great favourite with the wits of his day. Dr. Lodge, in his "Wits' Miserie," calls him "our true English Aretine." By another contemporary he is designated "Sweet satyric Nash." A third describes his Muse as "armed with a gag-tooth (a tusk), and his pen possessed with Hercules's furies." He is well characterised in "The Return from Parnassus"—

> "His style was witty, tho' he had some gall;
> Something he might have mended, so may all;
> Yet this I say, that for *a mother's wit*,
> Few men have ever seen the like of it."

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The Praise of the Red-Herring.

THE strange turning of the "Isle of Dogs,"[1] from a comedy to a tragedy two summers past, with the troublesome stir, which happened about it, is a general rumour, that hath filled all

[1]ISLE OF DOGS.—A satirical play written by Nash in 1597, which gave so much offence that Henslow's company, by whom it was acted, was silenced for a time, and the author, after having been brought before the Privy Council, was imprisoned in the Fleet. This comedy was never published, nor is any manuscript copy of it known to be extant. What the nature of the piece was, has not been discovered, but the consequences of having written it would seem to have been very serious to its satiric author. Meres, in his "Comparative Discourse of our English Poets, with the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets," says, "Actæon was worried of his own hounds, so is Tom Nash of his Isle of Dogs. Dogs were the death of Euripides, but be not disconsolate, gallant young Juvenal; Linus, the son of Apollo, died the same death. Yet God forbid that so brave a wit should so bravely perish; thine are but paper-dogs, neither is thy banishment like Ovid's eternally to converse with barbarous Getes. Therefore, comfit thyself, sweet Tom, with Cicero's glorious return to Rome, and with the counsel Æneas gives to his sea-beaten soldiers, Lib. i, Æneid.

"Pluck up thine heart, and drive from thence,
both fear and care away;
To think on this, may pleasure be
prehaps another day."

"*Durato, et temet rebus servato secundis.*"

Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury, 1598.

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England, and such a heavy cross laid upon me, as had well near confounded me; I mean, not so much in that it sequestered me from the wonted means of maintenance, which is as great a maim to any man's happiness, as can be feared from the hands of misery, or the deep pit of despair, whereinto I was fallen, beyond my greatest friends reach, to recover me; but that in my exile, and irksome discontented abandonment, the silliest miller's thumb, or contemptible stickle-back of my enemies,[1] is as busy nibbling about my fame, as if I were a dead man thrown amongst them to feed them. So I am, I confess, in the world's outward appearance, though perhaps I may prove a cunninger diver than they are aware; which if it so happen, as I am partly assured, and that I plunge above water once again, let them look to it, for I will put them in brine, or a piteous pickle every one.* But let that pass, though they shall find I will not let it pass, when time serves, I having a pamphlet hot a brooding, that shall be called "The Barber's Warming-pan," and

*Quassa tamen nostra est, non mersa nec obruta navis.

[1]MY ENEMIES.—Nash had many adversaries: the most powerful of whom was Gabriel Harvey, *b.* 1545, *d.* 1630.—A man of great learning and considerable talents. During the time of Nash's imprisonment he published in the name of Richard Lichfield a work in 4to entitled "The Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman, by the high-tituled patron Don Richardo de Medico campo, Barber Chirurgeon to Trinity Colledge in Cambridge. *Faber quas fecit compedes ipse gestat.* London, printed for Philip Scarlet, 1597. On signature E 2 is a wood-cut of Nash double-fettered.

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to the occasion a fresh of my falling in alliance with this Lenten argument. That unfortunate imperfect embryo* of my idle hours, the "Isle of Dogs" before mentioned, breeding unto me such bitter throes in the teaming, as it did, and the tempests, that arose at its birth, so astonishing, outrageous, and violent, as if my brain had been conceived of another Hercules; I was so terrified with my own increase (like a woman long travailing to be delivered of a monster) that it was no sooner born, but I was glad to run from it. Too inconsiderate headlong rashness this may be censured in me, in being thus prodigal in advantaging my adversaries; but my case is now smothered secret, and, with light cost of rough cast rhetorick, it may be tolerably plaistered over, if under the pardon and privilege of incensed higher powers it were lawfully indulged me freely to advocate my own astrology. Sufficeth what they in their grave wisdoms shall prescribe, I, in no sort, will seek to acquit, nor presumptuously attempt to dispute against the equity of their judgments, but humble and prostrate appeal to their mercies.

*An imperfect embryo, I may well call it, for, I having begun but the introduction and first act of it, the other four acts without my consent, or the least guess of my drift or scope by the players were supplied, which bred both their trouble and mine, too.—See foot-note.

Dr. Farmer remarks, that this is not Nash's only quarrel with the actors. In the "*Epistle* to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities" prefixed to Green's Arcadia, 1589, Tom has a lash at some "vain-glorious tragedians" and very plainly at Shakespeare in particular: but Mr. Gilchrist more accurately observes, that Nash's letter alludes to Kydd's old play of Hamlet; and was published in 1589, 4to, some years before Shakespeare appeared as a writer for he stag e ,

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Avoid or give ground I did, *scriptum est*, I will not go from it, and *post varios casus*, variable knight-errant adventures, and outroads, and inroads, in great Yarmouth in Norfolk, I arrived at the latter end of autumn. Where having scarce looked about me, my presaging mind said to itself *Hic favonius serenus est, hic auster umbricus*, this is a predestinated fit place for *Pierce Penniless*[1] to set up his staff in. Therein not much diameter to my divining hopes, did the event sort itself, for six weeks first and last; under that predominant constellation of Aquarius, or Jove's nectar-filler, took I up my repose, and there met with such kind entertainment, and benign hospitality, when I was *Una litera plusquam medicus**, as Plautus saith, and

*Medicus.

[1]PIERCE PENNILESS.—Nash's most popular work, the title page of which runs thus: PIERCE PENILESSE HIS SUPPLICATION TO THE DEUILL. Describing the ouer-spreading of Vice, and the Suppression of Vertue. Pleasantly interlac'd with variable delights: and pathetically intermixt with conceipted reproofes. Written by THOMAS NASH, Gentleman. London, Imprinted by RICHARD IHONES, dwelling at the Signe of the *Rose and Crowne*, nere *Holburne Bridge*. 1592.—The work afterwards "passed through the pikes of at least six impressions," as he informs us in "Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up." London. J. Danter, 1596, 4to.—a tract that gave the finishing stroke to Gabriel Harvey. Besides this, "Dick Litchfield, the barber of Trinity College, a rare ingenuous odd merry Greek (as I have heard), hath translated my *Pierce Penniless* into the Macaronical language, wherein I wish he had been more tongue-tied; since in some men's incensed judgments, it hath too much tongue already; being above two years since maimedly translated into the French tongue."—Pierce Penniless is reprinted with an Introduction and Notes by J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A., for the Shakespeare Society, 1842.

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not able to line to myself with my own juice; as some of the crumbs of it, like the crumbs in a bushy beard, after a great banquet, will remain in my papers, to be seen when I am dead and under ground[1]; from the bare perusing of which, infinite posterities of hungry poets shall receive good refreshing, even as Homer by Galatæon was pictured vomiting in a bason (in the temple that Ptolemy Philopater erected to him) and the rest of the succeeding poets after him, greedily lapping up what he disgorged. That good old blind bibber of Helicon, I know well, came a begging to one of the chief cities of Greece, and promised them vast corpulent volumes of immortality, if they would bestow upon him but a slender out-brother's annuity of mutton and broth, and pallet to sleep on; and, with derision, they rejected him; whereupon he went to their enemies, with the like proffer, who used him honourably, and whom he used so honourably, that to this day (though it be three thousand years since), their name and glory flourish green in men's memory through his industry. I trust you make no question but those dull-pated pennifathers, that in such dudgeon scorn rejected him, drunk deep of the sour cup of repentance for it, when the high flight of his lines in common brute was applauded. Yea in the

[1]Nash died 1601-2, or about two years after the publication of this work.

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word of one no more wealthy, than he was (wealthy said I, nay I will be sworn, he was a grand juryman, in respect of me) those grey beard huddled-duddles, and crusty cum-twangs, were struck with such stinging remorse of their miserable euclionism and sundgery, that he was not yet cold in his grave, but they challenged him to be born amongst them, and they, and six cities more, entered a sharp war about it, every one of them laying claim to him as their own: and to this effect hath Buchanan an epigram:

Urbes certarunt septem de patria Homeri,
Nulla, domus vivo patria nulla fuit.

Seven cities strove, whence Homer first should come,
When living, he no country had nor home.

I allege this tale to show how much better my luck was than Homer's (though all the Kings of Spain's Indies will not create me such a niggling hexameter-founder, as he was) in the first proclaiming of my bankrupt indigence and beggary, to bend my course to such a courteous compassionate clime as Yarmouth; and to warn others that advance their heads above all others, and have not respected, but rather flatly opposed themselves against the friar mendicants of our profession, what their amercements, and unreprieveable penance, will be, except they tear

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open their oyster-mouthed pouches quickly, and made double amends for their parsimony. I am no Tiresias or Calchas to prophesy, but yet I cannot tell, there may be more resounding bell-metal in my pen, than I am aware; and, if there be, the first peel of it is Yarmouth's; for a pattern or tiny sample, what my elaborate performance would be in this case, had I a full-sailed gale of prosperty to encourage me; whereas, at the dishumoured composing hereof, I may justly complain with Ovid:

Anchora jam nostram non tenet ulla ratem.

My state is so tossed and weather-beaten, that it hath now no anchor-hole left to cleave unto. I care not, if, in a dim fair of landscape, I take the pains to describe this supereminent principal metropolis of the red fish. A town it is, that, in rich situation exceedeth many cities, and without the which, *Caput gentis*, the swelling battlements of Gurguntus, a head city of Norfolk and Suffolk, would scarcely retain the name of city, but become as ruinous and desolate as Thetford or Ely, out of an hill or heap of sand, reared and forced from the sea most miracuously, and by the singular policy and incessant inestimable expence of the inhabitants, so firmly piled and rampired against the fumish waves battery, or suing the least action of recovery, that it is more conjectural of the twain, the land, with the writ of an *Ejectio*

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firma, will get the upper hand of the ocean, than the ocean one crow's skip prevail against the continent. Forth of the sands, thus strugglingly as it exalteth and lifts up its glittering head: so of the neighbouring sands, no less semblably (whether, in recordation of their worn out affinity, or no, I know not) it is so inamorately protected and patronised, that they stand as a trench or guard about it in the night, to keep off their enemies. Now, in that drowsy empire of the pale-faced queen of shades, maugre letting drive upon their barricadoes, or impetuously contending to break through their chain or bar, but they intomb and balist[1] with sudden destruction. In this transcursive reportory, without some observant glance, I may not overpass the gallant beauty of their haven, which having but as it were a welt of land, or as Mr. Camden[2] calls it *lingulam terræ*, a little tongue of the earth, betwixt it and the wide main, sticks not to manage arms, and hold its own undefeasably against that universal unbounded empire of surges, and so hath done for these hundred years. Two miles in length it stretches its winding current, and then meets with a spacious river or back-water, that feeds it. A

[1] BALIST.—An ancient engine, or kind of ordnance for projecting stones.

[2] Nash borrowed—as he candidly avows—much of the Historical portion of his "Lenten Stuff" from Camden, Bede, &c.

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narrow channel or isthmus, in rash view, you would opinionate it; when this I can devoutly aver, I beholding it with both my eyes this last fishing, six hundred reasonable barks and vessels of good burthen, with advantage, it hath given shelter to, at once, in her harbour, and most of them riding abreast before the quay betwixt the bridge and the south-gate. Many bows length beyond the mark, my pen roves not, I am certain; if I do, they stand at my elbow that can correct me. The delectablest lusty sight and movingest object methought it was, that our Isle sets forth, and nothing behind in number with the Invincible Spanish Armada, though they were such Gargantuan boisterous gulliguts[1] as they; though ships and galleasses[2] they would have been reckoned in the navy of King Edgar, who is chronicled and registered, with three thousand ships of war, to have scoured the narrow seas, and sailed about England every summer. That which especially nourished the most prime pleasure in me, was after a storm, when we were driven in swarms, and lay close pestered together as thick as they could pack; the next day following, if it were fair, they would cloud the whole sky with canvas, by spreading their drabbled sails in the full clue abroad a drying, and make a braver shew with them, than

[1] GULLIGUTS.—Gluttons.

[2] GALLEASSES.—A large kind of galley.

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so many banners and streamers displayed against the sun, on a mountain top. But how Yarmouth, of itself so innumerably populous and replenished, and in so barren a spot seated, should not only supply her inhabitants with plentiful purveyance of sustenance, but provide and victual moreover this monstrous army of strangers, was a matter that egregiously puzzled and intranced my apprehension. Hollanders, Zealanders, Scots, French, Western-men Northern-men, besides all the hundreds, and wapentakes, nine miles distance, fetch the best of their viands and mangery from her market. For ten weeks together, this rabble-rout of outlandishers are billetted with her, yet, in all that while, the rate of no kind of food is raised, nor the plenty of their markets one pint of butter rebated; and at the ten weeks end, when the camp is broken up, no impression of any dearth left, but rather more store than before. Some of the town dwellers have so large an opinion of their settled provision, that if all her Majesty's fleet at once should put into their bay, within twelve days warning, with so much double beer, beef, fish, and biscuit, they would bulk them as they could wallow away with.

Here I could break out into a boundless race of oratory, in shrill trumpeting and concelebrating the royal magnificence of her government, that for state and strict civil ordering, scarcely admitteth any rivals.

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But I fear it would be a theme displeasing to the grave modesty of the dircreet present magistrates; and therefore consultively I overslip it; howsoever I purpose not in the like nice respect to leap over the laudable pedigree of Yarmouth, but will fetch her from the swaddling clouts or infancy; and reveal to you when and by whom she was first forced out of ocean's arms, and started up and aspired to such starry sublimity; as also acquaint you with the notable immunities, franchises, and privileges she is endowed with, beyond all her confiners, by the descending line of Kings from the Conquest.

There are of you, it may be, that will account me a palterer for hanging out the sign of the Red-Herring in my title page, and no such feast towards, for ought you can see. Soft and fair, my masters; you must walk and talk before dinner an hour or two, the better to whet your appetites to taste of such a dainty dish as the Red-Herring; and, that you may not think the time tedious, I care not if I bear you company, and lead you a sound walk round about Yarmouth, and shew you the length and breadth of it.

The masters and bachelors commencement dinners, at Cambridge and Oxford, are betwixt three and four in the afternoon, and the rest of the antecedence of the day worn out in disputations. Imagine this the act or commencement of the

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Red-Herring, that proceedeth bachelor, master, and doctor, all at once; and therefore his disputations must be longer. But to the point: May it please the whole generation of my auditors to be advertised, how that noble earth, where the town of Great Yarmouth is now mounted, and where so much fish is sold, in the days of yore hath been the place where you might have catched fish, and as plain a sea, within these six hundred years, as any boat could tumble in; and so was the whole level of the marshes betwixt it and Norwich. Anno Domini 1000, or thereabouts (as I have scraped out of worm-eaten parchment) and in the reign of Canutus, he that died drunk at Lambeth, or Lome-hith, somewhat before, or somewhat after, not an apprenticeship of years varying,

——— *Caput extulit undis,*

The sands set up shop for themselves; and, from that moment to this sextine century (or, let me not be taken with a lie, five hundred ninety-eight, that wants but a pair of years to make me a true man) they would no more live under the yoke of the sea, or have their heads washed with his bubbly spume, or barber's balderdash, but clearly quitted, disterminated, and relegated themselves from his inflated capriciousness of playing the dictator over them.

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The northern wind was the clanging trumpeter, who, with the terrible blast of his throat, in one yellow heap, or plump-clustered, or congested them together, even as the western gales in Holland, right over-against them, have wrought unruly havock, and thrashed and swept the sands so before them, that they have choaked or clammed up the middle walk, or door of the Rhine, and made it as stable a clod-mould, or turf ground, as any hedger can drive stake into. Castor, two miles distant from this New Yarmouth we treat of, is inscribed to be that Old Yarmouth, whereof there are specialties to be seen in the oldest writers, and yet, some visible apparent tokens remain of a haven that ran up to it, and there had its entrance into the sea, by aged fishermen commonly termed Grub's Haven, though now it be gravelled up, and the stream, or tide-gate, turned another way. But this is most warrantable, the Alpha of all the Yarmouths it was, and not the Omega correspondently, and, from her withered root, they branch the high ascent of their genealogy. *Omnium rerum vicissitudo est,* one's falling is another's rising; and so it fell out with that ruined dorp, or hamlet, which, after it had relapsed into the lord's hands for want of reparations, and there were not men enough in it to defend the shore from invasion, one Cerdicus, a plashing Saxon, that revelled here and there with

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his battle-axe, on the bordering banks of the decrepid overworn village now surnamed Gorlstone, threw forth his anchor, and, with the assistance of his spear instead of a pike-staff, leaped aground like a sturdy brute, and his yeomen bold cast their heels in their necks and frisked it after him; and thence sprouted that obscene appellation of Sarding Sands, with the draff of the carterly hoblobs thereabouts, concocted or digested for a scripture verity, when the right Christendom of it is Cerdick Sands, or Cerdick Shore, of Cerdicus so denominated, who was the first May-lord, or Captain of Morris-dance, that, on those imbenched shelves, stamped his footing where cods and dog-fish swam not a warp of weeks forerunning, and, till he had given the onset, they baulked them as quicksands. By and bye, after his jumping upon them, the Saxons, (for that Garianonum, or Yarmouth, that had given up the ghost,) in those slimy plashy fields of Gorlstone trouled up a second Yarmouth, abutting on the west-side of the shore of this Great Yarmouth, that is; but, feeling the air to be unwholesome and disagreeing with them, to the overthwart brink or verge of the flood, that writ all one style of Cerdick-Sands, they dislodged, with bag and baggage, and there laid the foundation of a third Yarmouth, *Quam nulla potest abolere vetustas*, that I hope will hold up her head till Doomsday. In this Yarmouth, as Mr. Camden

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saith there were seventy inhabitants, or house-holders, that paid scot and lot in the time of Edward the Confessor; but a chronographical Latin table, which they have hanging up in their Guildhall, of their transmutations from their cradlehood, infringeth this a little, and flatters her she is a great deal younger, in a fair text hand, texting unto us, how, in the sceptredom of Edward the Confessor, the sands first began to grow into sight at low water, and more shallow at the mouth of the river Hirus or Ierus, whereupon it was dubbed Iernmouth, or Yarmouth; and then there were two channels, one on the north, another on the south, where through the fishermen did wander and waver up to Norwich, and divers part of Suffolk and Norfolk, all the fenny Lerna betwixt, that, with reed, is so imbristled, being, as I have forespoken, or spoken before, *Madona, Amphitrite*, fluctuous demesnes, or fee-simple.

From the city of Norwich on the east part, it is sixteen miles disjunct and dislocated; and, though betwixt the sea and the salt flood it be interposed, yet in no place about it can you dig six feet deep, but you shall have a gushing spring of fresh or sweet water for all uses, as apt and accommodated as St. Winifred's well, or Tower-Hill water at London, so much praised and sought after. My tables are not yet one quarter emptied, of my notes out of their table, which because it is, as it were, a sea rutter

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diligently kept amongst them from age to age, of all their ebbs and flows, and winds that blew with or against them, I tie myself to more precisely, and thus it leadeth on ;

In the time of King Harold and William the Conqueror, this sand of Yarmouth grew to a settled lump, and was as dry as the sands of Arabia, so that thronging theatres of people (as well aliens as Englishmen) hived thither about the selling of fish and herring, from St. Michael to St. Martin, and there built sutlers booths and tabernacles, to canopy their heads in from the rheum of the heavens, or the clouds dissolving cataracts. King William Rufus having got the golden wreath about his head, one Herbertus, bishop of the See of Norwich, hearing of the gangs of good fellows that hurtled and bustled thither, as thick as it had been to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, or our lady of Walsingham, built a certain chapel there for the service of God, and salvation of souls.

In the reign of King Henry the First, King Stephen, King Henry Second, and Richard de Cœur de Lion, the apostacy of the sands from the yelping world was so great, that they joined themselves to the main land of Eastflege, and whole tribes of males and females trotted, barged it thither, to build and inhabit, which the said kings, whilst they wielded their swords temporal, animadvertised

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of, assigned a ruler or governer over them, that was called the King's Provost; and that manner of provostship or government remained in full force and virtue of all their four throneships, *alias* a hundred years, even till the inauguration of King John, in whose days the forewritten of Bishop of Norwich, seeing the numerous increase of souls of both kinds, that there had framed their nests, and meant not to forsake them till the soul-bell tolled them thence, pulled down his chapel, and, what by himself and the devout oblations and donatives of the fishermen upon every return with their nets full, re-edified and raised it to a church of that magnitude, as, under-minsters and cathedrals, very queasy; it admits any, hail, fellow, well met; and the church of St. Nicholas, he hallowed it, whence Yarmouth road is nicknamed the road of St. Nicholas. King John, to comply and keep consort with his ancestors, in furthering of this new water-work, in the ninth year of the ingirting his anointed brows with the refulgent Ophir circle, and Anno, 1209, set a fresh gloss upon it, of the town or free borough of Yarmouth, and furnished it with many substantial privileges and liberties, to have and to hold the same of him, and his race, for fifty-five pounds yearly. In Anno 1240, it perched up to be governed by bailiffs, and, in a narrower limit than the forty years under meal of the seven sleepers, it had so much

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tow, to her distaff, and was so well lined and bombasted, that, in a sea-battle, her ships and men conflicted the Cinque Ports, and therein so laid about them, that they burnt, took, and spoiled the most of them; whereof such of them as were sure flights, (saving a reverence of their manhoods) ran crying and complaining to King Henry the Second, who, with the advice of his council, set a fine of a thousand pounds on the Yarmouth men's heads for that offence, which fine, in the tenth of his reign, he dispensed with, and pardoned.

Edward the First, and Edward the Second likewise, let them lack for no privileges, changing it from a borough to a port town, and there setting up a custom-house, with the appurtenances for the loading and unloading of ships. Henry the Third, in the fortieth of his reign, cheered up their bloods with two charters more, and in Anno 1262, and forty-five of his court-keeping, he permitted them to wall in their town, and moat it about with a broad ditch, and to have a prison or jail in it. In the swing of his trident he constituted two lord admirals over the whole navy of England, which he disposed in two parts; the one to bear sway from the Thames mouth northward, called the Northern Navy; the other to shape his course from the Thames' mouth to the westward, termed the Western Navy; and over this northern navy, for admiral,

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commissionated one John Peerbrown, burgess of the town of Yarmouth, and over the western navy one Sir Robert Laburnus, Knight.

But Peerbrown did not only hold his office, all the time of that King, doing plausible service, but was again re-admiralled by Edward the Third, and so died; in the fourteenth of whose reign he met with the French King's navy, being four-hundred sails, near to the haven of Sluys, and there so sliced and slashed them, and tore their planks to mammocks,[1] and their lean guts to kites meat, that their best mercy was fire and water, which hath no mercy; and not a victualler or a drumbler of them hanging in the wind aloof, but was rib-roasted, or had some of his ribs crushed with their stone-darting engines, no ordnance then being invented. This Edward the Third, of his propensive mind towards them, united to Yarmouth Kirtley road, from it seven miles vacant, and, sowing in the furrows that his predecessors had entered, enhanced the price of their privileges, and brought them not down one barley kernel.

Richard the Second, upon a discord betwixt Lowestoff and Yarmouth, after divers law-days, and arbitrary mandates to the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, directed about it, in proper person, 1385,

[1] MAMMOCKS.—Fragments.

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came to Yarmouth, and, in his parliament the year ensuing, confirmed unto it the liberties of Kirtley road, (the only motive of all their contention). Henry the Fifth, or the Fifth of the Henries that ruled over us, abridged them not a mite of their purchased prerogatives, but permitted them to build a bridge over their haven, and aided and furthered them in it. Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Henry the Seventh, and King Henry the Eighth, with his daughters Queen Mary, and our *Chara Deum soboles*, Queen Elisabeth, have not withered up their hands in signing and subscribing to their requests; but our Virgin rectoress, most of all, hath showered down her bounty upon them, granting them greater grants than ever they had, besides by matters of the clerk of the marketship, and many other benevolences towards the reparation of their port. This, and every town, hath its backwinters or frosts that nip it in the blade (as not the clearest sunshine but hath his shade, and there is a time of sickness as well as of health). The backwinter, the frost biting, the eclipse or shade, and sickness of Yarmouth, was a great sickness or plague in it, 1348, of which, in one year, seven thousand and fifty people toppled up their heels there. The new building at the west end of the church was begun there 1330, which, like the imperfect works of King's College in Cambridge, or Christ Church in

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Oxford, have too costly large foundations to be ever finished.

It is thought if the town had not been so scourged, and eaten up by that mortality, of their own purses they would have proceeded with it; but now they have gone a nearer way to the wood, for with wooden galleries in the church that they have, and stairy degrees of seats in them, they make as much room to sit and hear, as a new west-end would have done.

The length and breadth of Yarmouth, I promised to shew, you have with you; but first look wistly upon the walls, which, if you mark, make a stretched out quadrangle with the haven. They are in compass, from the south chains to the north chains, two thousand one hundred and fourscore yards: They have sixteen towers upon them; mounts underfonging and inflanking them, formerly two, now three, which have their thundering tools, to compel Diego Spaniard to duck, and strike the wind-cholick into his paunch, if he prance too near them, and will not veil to the Queen of England. The compass, about the wall of this new mount is five hundred feet, and in the measure of yards eight score and seven: The breadth of the foundation nine feet, the depth within ground eleven: The height to the setting thereof, fifteen feet, and in breadth at the setting of it, five feet three inches,

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and the procerous stature of it, so embailing and girdling in this mount, twenty feet and six inches. Gates (to let in her friends, and shut out her enemies), Yarmouth hath ten, lanes sevenscore: As for her streets, they are as long as threescore streets in London, and yet they divide them but into three. Void ground in the town from the walls to the houses, and from the houses to the haven, is not within the verge of my geometry. The Liberties of it on the fresh-water one way, as namely, from Yarmouth to St. Tooley's in Beckles-water, are ten miles, and from Yarmouth to Hardlie-cross another way, ten miles, and conclusively, from Yarmouth to Weybridge in the narrow north-water, ten miles: In all which fords, or meanders, none can attach, arrest, distress, but their officers; and, if any drown themselves in them, their coroners sit upon them.

I had a crochet in my head, here to have given the reins to my pen, and run astray throughout all the coast-towns of England; digging up their dilapidations, and raking out of the dust-heap, or charnel-house of tenebrous antiquity, the rottenest relick of their monuments, and bright scoured the canker-eaten brass of their first bricklayers and founders, and commented and paralogized on their condition in the present, and in the preter tense: Not for any love or hatred I bear them, but that I would not be snubbed, or have it cast in my dish,

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that therefore I praise Yarmouth so rantingly, because I never elsewhere baited my horse, or took my bow and arrows, and went to bed. Which leesing, had I been let alone, I would have put to bed with a *Recumbentibus*, by uttering the best that with a safe conscience might be uttered of the best, or worst, of them all; and notwithstanding all at best, that tongue could speak, or heart could think of them, they should bate me an ace of Yarmouth. Much brain-tossing and breaking of my skull it cost me; but farewell it, and farewell the bailiffs of the Cinque-Ports, whose primordial *Gethneliaca* was also dropping out of my inkhorn, with the silver oar of their barony by William the Conqueror, conveyed over to them at that nick, when he firmed and rubricked Kentishmen's gravel-kind of the son to inherit at fifteen, and the felony of the father not to draw a foot of land from the son, and amongst the sons the portion to be equally distributed; and if there were no sons, much good do it the daughters, for they were to share it after the same tenure, and might alienate it how they would, either by legacy or bargain, without the consent of the lord.

To shun spight I smothered these dribblements, and refrained to descant, how William the Conqueror, having heard the proverb of Kent and Christendom, thought he had won a country as good as all Christendom, when he was enfeoffed of Kent;

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for which, to make it sure unto him, after he was entailed thereunto, nought they asked they needed to ask twice, it being enacted before the words came out of their mouth. Of that profligated labour yet my breast pants and labours, a whole mouth's mind of revolving meditation I ravelling out therein (as *ravelling out* signifies *Penelopec telam retexere*, the unweaving of a web before woven and contexed.) It pities me, it pities me, that in cutting of so fair a diamond as Yarmouth, I have not a casket of dusky Cornish diamonds by me, and a box of muddy foils the better to set it forth: *Ut nemo miser, nisi comparatus, sic nihil pro mirifico, nisi cum aliis conferatur: Cedite soli, stellæ scintillantes; soli Garrianano cedite, reliqua oppida veligera sedium uavalium speciosissimo; sed redeo ad vernaculum.*

All commonwealths assume their prenominations of their common divided wealth, as where one man hath not too much riches, and another man too much poverty: Such was Plato's community, and Lycurgus's and the old Roman's laws of measuring out their fields, their meads, their pastures and houses, and meting out to every one his child's portion. To this *commune bonum* (or, every horse his loaf) Yarmouth, in propinquity, is as the buckle to the throng, and the next finger to the thumb; not that it is sib, or cater-cousin to any mongrel *Democratia*, in which one is all, and all are one, but

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that, in her, as they are not all one, so one or two there pocket not up all the pieces, there being two-hundred in it worth three hundred pounds a piece, with poundage and shillings to the lurched, set aside the bailiff's four-and twenty and eight-and-forty. Put out my eye who can with such another brag of any sea-town within two hundred miles of it. But this common good within itself is nothing to the common good it communicates to the whole state. Shall I particularize unto you *quibus viis & modis*, how and wherein? There is my hand too, I will do it, and this is my *exordium*: A town of defence it is to the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk against the enemies (so accounted at the first granting of their Liberties) and by the natural strength of the situation so apparent, being both environed with many sands, and now of late, by great charge, much more fortified than in ancient times. All the realm it profiteth many ways; as, by the free fair of herrings, chiefly maintained by the fishermen of Yarmouth themselves; by the great plenty of salted fish there, not so little two years past, as four-hundred thousand; wherein were employed about fourscore sail of barques of their own.

By the furnishing forth of forty boats for mackerel at the spring of the year, when all things are dearest, which is a great relief to all the country thereabouts, and, soon after Bartholo-

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mew-tide, a hundred and twenty sail of their own for herrings, and forty sail of other ships and barques, trading to Newcastle, the Low Countries, and other voyages. Norwich, at her Majesty's coming in progress[1] thither, presented her with a shew of knitters, on a high stage placed for the nonce; Yarmouth, if the like occasion were, could clap up as good a shew of netbraiders, or, those that have no clothes to wrap their hides in, or bread to put in their mouths, but what they earn and get by braiding of nets (not so little as two thousand pounds they yearly dispersing amongst the poor women and children of the country, for the spinning of twine to make them with, besides the labour of the inhabitants in working them) and, for a commodious green place, near the sea-shore, to mend and dry them, not Salisbury Plain or Newmarket Heath (though they have no vicinity or neighbourhood with the sea, or scarce with any ditch or pond of fresh water) may overpeer, or outcrow her, there being above five thousand pounds worth of them at a time upon her dens[2] a sunning. A convenient quay within her haven she hath, for the delivery of nets

[1] An account of this "progress" is given in a scarce tract entitled "The joyfull recevying of the Queene's most excellent Majestie into hir Highness citie of Norwich," &c. London, 1578, and is reprinted in the second volume of Nichol's valuable collection of the Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth, Lond. 1788—1807, 4to, 3 vols.

[2] DEN.—A sandy tract near the sea.

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and herrings, where you may lie a-float at low water; I beseech, you do not so in the Thames; many serviceable mariners and seafaring men she traineth up;—but of that in the Herring.

The marshes and lower grounds, lying upon the three rivers that vagary up to her, comprehending many thousand acres, by the vigilant preservation of their haven, are increased in value more than half, which else would be a *Mæotis Palus*, a mear, or lake of eels, frogs, and wild ducks. The city of Norwich, as in the *Præludium* hereof I had a twitch at, fares never the worse for her, nor would fare so well, if it were not for the fish of all sorts that she cloyeth her with, and the fellowship of their haven, into which their three rivers infuse themselves, and through which, their goods and merchandise, from beyond seas, are keeled up, with small cost, to their very thresholds, and to many good towns on this side, and beyond. I would be loth to build a labyrinth in the gatehouse of my book, for you to lose yourselves in, and therefore I shred of many things; we will but cast over the bill of her charge, and talk a word or two of her buildings, and break up and go to breakfast with the Red-Herring. The haven hath cost, in these last twenty-eight years, twenty-six thousand two hundred fifty-six pounds, four shillings, and five pence: fortification and powder, since *Anno* 1587, two thousand marks; the

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sea service in *Anno* 1588, eight hundred pounds; the Portuguese voyage, a thousand pounds; the voyage to Cadiz as much.

It hath lost by the Dunkirkers, a thousand pounds; by the Frenchmen, three thousand; by Wafting, eight hundred; by the Spaniards, and other loses not rated, at the least three thousand more. The continual charge of the town, in maintenance of their haven, five hundred pounds a year, *Omnibus annis*, for ever; the fee-farm of the town fifty-five pounds, and five pounds a year above for Kirtley Road. The continual charge of the bridge over the haven, their walls, and a number of other odd reckonings we deal not with, towards all which they have not, in certain revenues, above fifty or threescore pounds a year, and that is in houses. The yearly charge towards the provision of fish for her Majesty, one thousand pounds; as for arable matters of tillage and husbandry, and grazing of cattle, their barren sands will not bear them, and they get not a beggar's noble by one or other of them, but their whole harvest is by sea.

It were to be wished, that other coasters were so industrious as Yarmouth, in winning the treasure of fish out of those profundities, and then we should have twenty eggs a penny; and, it would be as plentiful a world as when abbies stood; and now, if there be any plentiful world, it is in Yarmouth.

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Her sumptuous porches, and garnished buildings, are such, as no port-town in our British circumference, nay, take some port-cities overplus into the bargain, may suitably stake with, or adequate.

By the proportion of the east-surprised Gades, or Cadiz, divers have tried their cunning to configurate a twin-like image of it, both in the correlative analogy of the span-broad rows running betwixt, as also of the skirt, or lappet of earth, whereon it stands, herein only limiting the difference, that the houses here have not such flat custard-crowns at the top, as they have. But I, for my part, cast it aside, as too obscure a canton to demonstrate and take the altitude by of so Elysian an habitation as Yarmouth. Of a bouncing, side-wasted parish in Lancashire we have a flying voice dispersed, where they go nine miles to church every Sunday; but, parish for parish, throughout Lancashire, Cheshire, or Wingandecoy, both for numbers in gross of honest householders, youthful, courageous, valiant spirits, and substantial, grave burghers, Yarmouth shall drop vie with them, to the last Edward's groat they are worth. I am posting to my proposed scope, or else I could run ten quires of paper out of breath, in further traversing her rights and dignities.

But of that freight I must not take in too liberally, in case I want stowage for my Red-

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Herring, which I rely upon as my wealthiest loading. Farewell, flourishing Yarmouth, and be every day more flourishing than other, until the latter day; while I have my sense, or existence, I will persist in loving thee, and so, with this abrupt post-script, I leave thee. I have not travelled far, though conferred with farthest travellers, from our own realm; I have turned over venerable Bede, and plenteous beadrolls of friary annals following on the back of him; Polydore Virgil, Buchanan, Camden's Britannia, and most records of friends, or enemies, I have searched, as concerning the later model of it; none of the inland parts of it, but I have traded them as frequently as the middle walk in Paul's, or my way to bed every night; yet for aught I have read, heard, or seen, Yarmouth, regal Yarmouth, of all maritime towns that are no more but fisher-towns, solely reigneth, *sans peer*.

Not any where is the word severeliar practised, the preacher reverentlier observed and honoured, justice soundlier ministered, and a warlike people peaceablier demeanoured, betwixt this and the Grand Cathay,[1] and the strand of Prester John.[2]

[1] CATHAY.—An old name for China.

[2] PRESTER JOHN.—The name given in the middle ages to a supposed Christian sovereign dwelling in the interior of Asia. The tradition disappeared soon after the Portuguese had reached India by the way of the Cape of Good Hope.

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Adieu, adieu, ten-thousand-fold delicate paramour of Neptune, the next year my standish may happen to address another voyage unto thee, if this have any acceptance. Now, it is high leaking time, and, be the winds never so easterly adverse, and the tide fled from us, we must violently tow, and hale in our redoubtable sophy, of the floating kingdom of Pisces, whom so much as by name I should not have acknowledged, had it not been that I mused, how Yarmouth should be invested in such plenty and opulence; considering, that, in Mr. Hakluyt's English Discoveries, I have not come in ken of one mizzen-mast of a man of war bound for the Indies, or Mediterranean stern-bearer sent from her zenith or meridian. Mercurial-breasted Mr. Harborne always accepted a rich spark of eternity first lighted and enkindled at Yarmouth, or there first bred, and brought forth to see the light; who since, in the hottest degrees of Leo, hath echoing noised the name of our island, and of Yarmouth, so Tritonly, that not an infant of the curtailed, skin-clipping pagans, but talk of London as frequently, as of their prophet's tomb of Mecca, and as much worships or maiden-peace, as it were but one sun, that shined over them all. Our first ambassador was he to the Behemoth of Constantinople; and, as Moses was sent from the omnipotent God of Heaven, to persuade Sultan Pharaoh to let the children of

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Israel go, so, from the prepotent goddess of the earth, ELIZA, was he sent to set free the English captives, and open unto us the passage into the Red-sea and Euphrates. How impetrable he was in mollifying the * adamantiest tyrany of mankind, and hourly crucifier of Jesus Christ crucified, and rooter up of Palestine; those that be scrutinous to pry into, let them revolve the digests of our English discoveries, cited up in the precedents, and be documentized most copiously. Of him, and none but him, who in valuation is worth eighteen huge argosies full of our present-dated misshapen childish travailers, have I took, sent, or come in the wind of, that ever Yarmouth unshelled or engendered, to weather it on till they lost the north star, or sailed just antipodes against us; nor, walking in the streets so many weeks together, could I meet with any of these swaggering captains (captains that wore a whole ancient in a scarf, which made them go heave-shouldered, it was so boisterous) or hufty-tufty[1] youthful ruffling comrades, wearing every one three yards of feather in his cap for his mistress's favour, such as we stumble on at each second step at Plymouth, Southampton, and Portsmouth; but, a universal merchantly formality, in habit, speech,

* *The adamant mollified with nothing but blood.*

[1] HUFTYTUFTY.—A swaggerer.—"Master Wyldgoose it is not your *huftie-tuftie* can make mee afraid of your bigge lookes.—*Breton's Poste with a Packet of Mad Letters.* 1603.

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and gestures, though little merchandise they beat their heads about, Queen Norwich for that going between them and home; at length, (O, that length of the full point spoils me, all gentle readers, I beseech you pardon me) I fell a communing hereupon with a gentleman, a familiar of mine, and he eftsoons[1] defined unto me, that the Red-Herring was this old ticklecob, or *Magister fac totum*, that brought in the red ruddocks[2] and the grummel seed[3] as thick as oatmeal, and made Yarmouth for argent to put down the city of Argentine. Do but convert, said he, the slenderest twinkling reflex of your eye-sight to this flinty ring that ingirts it, these towered walls, port-cullissed gates, and gorgeous architectures that condecorate and adorn it, and then perponder of the Red-Herring's priority and prevalence, who is the only inexhaustible mine that hath raised and begot all this, and, minutely to riper maturity, fosters and cherisheth it. The Red-Herring alone it is that

[1] EFTSOONS.—Immediately.

[2] RED RUDDOCKS.—The English robin, or redbreast.

[3] GRUMMEL, OR GROMWEL SEED.—From a plant of the genus *lithospermum*.

> The altars everywhere now smoking be
> With beanstalks, savine, laurel, rosemary,
> Their cakes of *grummell*-seed they did prefer,
> And pails of milk in sacrifice to her.
> Then hymn of praise they all devoutly sung
> In those Palilia for increase of young.
>
> *Browne's Britannia's Pastorals.*

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countervails the burthensome detriments of our haven, which every twelvemonth devours a justice of peace's living, in wiers and banks to beat off the sand, and overthwart ledging and fencing it in; that defrays all impositions and outward payments to her Majesty (in which Yarmouth gives not the wall to six, though sixteen moth-eaten burgess towns, that have daubers and thatchers to their mayors, challenge, in parliament, the upper hand of it) and for the vaward, or suburbs of my narration, that impails our sage senators, or Ephori, in princely scarlet, as pompous ostentive as the *Vinti quater*, or Lady Troynonant; wherefore, quoth he, if there be in thee any whit of that unquenchable sacred fire of Apollo, as all men repute, and that Minerva, amongst the number of her heirs, hath adopted thee, or thou wilt commend thy muse to sempiternity, and have images and statues erected to her after her unstringed silent interment and obsequies, rouse thy spirits out of this drowsy lethargy of melancholy they are drenched in, and wrest them up to the most outstretched airy strain of elocution, to chaunt and carol forth the *allegrezza* and excelsitude of this monarchical floody *Induperator*.

Very tractable to this lure I was trained, and put him not to the full availing of me with any sound hammering persuasion, in that at the first sight of the top-gallant towers of and a week before he

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had broken any of these words betwixt his teeth, my muse was ardently inflamed to do it some right ; and praise of the Red-Herring, whose proper soil and nursery it is. But this I must give you to wit, however I have took it upon me, that, never since I spouted ink, was I of worse aptitude to go through with such a mighty March brewage as you expect, or temper you one right cup of that ancient wine of Falernum, which would last forty year, or consecrate to your fame a perpetual temple of the pine-trees of Ida, which never rot. For, besides the loud bellowing prodigious flaw of indignation, stirred up against me in my absence and extermination from the upper region of our celestial regimen, which hath dug me in a manner down to the infernal bottom of desolation, and so troubledly bemudded with grief and care every cell or organ-pipe of my purer intellectual faculties, that no more they consort with any ingenious playful merriments ; of my note-books, and all books else, here in the country, I am bereaved, whereby I might enamel and hatch over this device more artifically and masterly, and attire it in its true orient varnish and tincture ; wherefore, heart and good-will, a workman is nothing without his tools ; had I my topicks by me instead of my learned council to assist me, I might, perhaps, marshal my terms in better array, and bestow such costly cookery on this *marine magnifico*, as you would prefer him

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how to bring it about fitter I knew not, than in the before tart and galingale,[1] which Chaucer pre-eminentest encomioniseth above all junquetries or confectionaries whatsoever.

Now you must accept of it as the place serves, and, instead of comfits and sugar to strew him with, take well in worth a farthing-worth of flour, to white him over and wamble him in, and I having no great pieces to discharge for his benvenue,[2] or welcoming in, with this volley of rhapsodies or small shot, he must rest pacified; and so *ad rem*, spur, cut through thick and thin,[3] and enter the triumphal chariot of the Red-Herring.

Homer of rats and frogs hath heroicked it; other oaten pipers after him, in praise of the gnat, the flea, the hazel-nut, the grasshopper, the butterfly, the parrot, the popinjay, philip-sparrow, and the cuckoo; the wantoner sort of them sing descant on their mistress's glove, her ring, her fan, her looking-

[1] GALINGALE.—The aromatic root of the rush cyperus, used as a drug, or as a seasoning for dishes. There is an English species.

> My spice box, gentleman,
> And put in some of this, the matter's ended;
> Dredge you a dish of plovers, there's the art on't;
> Or in a *galingale*, a little does it.
> *Beaumont and Fletcher—Bloody Brother*, ii, 2.

[2] BENVENUE.—A fee paid by a new workman.

[3] THICK AND THIN.—Through thick and thin, both over bank and bush,
In hopes her to obtain by hook or crook.
Spencer's Fairy Queen, Book iii, Canto 1.

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glass, her pantofle, and on the same jury, I might impanel Johannes Secundus with his book of the two hundred kinds of Kisses. Philosophers come sneaking in with their paradoxes of poverty, imprisonment, death, sickness, banishment, and baldness; and as busy they are about the bee, the stork, the constant turtle, the horse, the dog, the ape, the ass, the fox, and the ferret. Physicians deafen our ears with the *honorificabilitudinitatibus* of their heavenly *panacæa*, their sovereign guiacum, their clysters, their treacles, their mithridates, compacted of forty several poisons, their bitter rhubarb, and torturing stibium.

The posterior Italian and German cornugraphers stick not to applaud and canonize unnatural sodomitry, the strumpet errant, the gout, the ague, the dropsy, the sciatica, folly drunkenness, and slovenry. The *Galli gallinacei*, or cocking French, swarm every pissing while in their primer editions, *imprimeda jour duy*, of the unspeakable healthful conducibleness of the *Gomorriham* great *poco*, a *poco*, their true countryman every inch of him, the prescript laws of tennis or balonne[1] (which is most of

[1]BALONNE, OR BALOON.—A large inflated ball of strong leather, formerly used in a game called *balloon*, the ball being struck by the arm, which was defended by a bracer of wood. The game is thus described in a book entitled Country Contents :—

"A strong and moving sport in the open fields, with a great ball of double

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their gentlemen's chief livelihoods) the commodity of hoarsness, blear-eyes, scabbed-hams, thread-bare cloaks, poached-eggs. and panado's. Amongst our English harmonious Calenzio's, one is up with the excellence of the brown bill and the long bow; another plays his prizes in print, in driving it home with all weapons, in right of the noble science of defence: a third writes passing enamorately, of the nature of white-meats, and justifies it under his hand to be bought and sold everywhere, that they exceed nectar and ambrosia: a fourth comes forth with something in praise of nothing; a fifth, of an inflamed heal to coppersmith's-hall, all to betimes it of the diversity of red-noses, and the hierarchy of the nose *magnificat*: a sixth sweeps behind the door all earthly felicities, and makes baker's maulkins of them, if they stand in competency with a strong dozen of points; marry, they must be points of the matter, you must

leather filled with wind, and driven to and fro with the strength of a man's arm, armed with a bracer of wood."

Strut, who quotes this description, adds that it was the same sport which was revived not many years ago at Pimlico, under the title of the *Olympic Game*, vol. iii, p. 148. That the balloon was filled with wind appears in this quotation:—

"The more that *ballones* are blowen up with winde, the higher they rebounde."

Defence of the Regiment of Women, Harl. MS., 6257.

"Packe, foole to French *baloone*, and there at play
Consume the progresse of thy sullen day.

Robert Anton's Philosopher's Satyres, 1616, p. 20.

"While others have been at the *balloon*, I have been at my books."

Ben Jonson, Fox ii, 2.

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consider, whereof the foremost codpiece point is the crane's proverb in painted clothes, "Fear God, and obey the King;" and the rest, and some have tags, and some have none: a seventh sets of tobacco-pipe instead of a trumpet to his mouth, and of that divine drug proclaimeth miracles: an eighth capers it up to the spheres in commendation of dancing: a ninth offers sacrifice to the goddess Cloaca, and disports himself very scholarly and witty about the reformation of close-stools, and houses of office, and spicing and balming their rank entrails, that they stink not. A tenth set forth remedies of toasted turds against famine.

To these I might wedge in Cornelius the Brabantine, who was feloniously suspected, in 87, for penning a * discourse of Tuft-mockados[1]; and a country gentleman of my acquaintance, who is launching forth a treatise, as big garbed, as the French academy of the *cornucopia* of a cow, and what an advantageable creature she is, beyond all the four-footed rabblement of herbagers and grass-champers, day nor night, that she can rest for filling and tampering about it; as also a sworn brother of his, that so bangeth poor paper, in laud of bag-pudding, as a Switzer would not believe it. Neither

** See the Epistle Commendatorie, before Mr. Samuel Daniel's Translation of the Empreses of Paulus Jovius [by N. W., who says, "there is not published a florish upon fancie, or Tarleton's toyes, or the sillie enterlude of Diogenes: you professe not "artem jocandi" or "potandi": you discourse not of Apuleius' asse; you trifle not as "Cornelius the Brabantine, who published an encomion of Tuft-mockados"; but you present us an order to frame devises, in shew glorious, in forme plain, in title strange.]*

[1] TUFT-MOCKADO.—A mixed stuff, manufactured in imitation of tufted taffeta, or velvet.

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of their decades are yet stamped, but, before Midsummer term, they will be, if their words be sure payment; and then tell me, if our English sconses be not right Sheffield or no.

The application of this whole catalogue of waste authors is no more but this, *Quot capita tot sententiæ*, so many heads, so many whirligigs; and, if all these have terlery-gincked it so frivolously, of, they know not what, I may, *(cum gratia and privilegio,)* pronounce it, that the Red-Herring is wholesome in a frosty morning, and rake up some few scattered syllables together, in the polishing; excursions and circumquaques, but *totaliter appositum.*

That English merchandise is most precious, which no country can be without; if you ask Suffolk, Essex, Kent, Sussex, or Leominster, or Cotswold, what merchandise that should be, they will answer you, it is the very same, which Polydore Virgil calls, *vere aureum vellus*, the true golden fleece of our wool and English cloth, and nought else: other engrating upland cormorants will grunt out, it is *grana paradisi*, our grain or corn that is most sought after. The Westerners and Northerners, that it is lead, tin and iron. Butter and cheese, butter and cheese, saith the farmer; but from every one of these I dissent, and will stoutly abide by it, that, to trowl in cash throughout all nations of Christendom, there is no

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fellow to the Red-Herring. The French, Spanish, and Italian, have wool enough of their own, thereof they make cloth to serve their turn, though it be somewhat coarser than our's. For corn, none of the east parts but what surpasseth us; of lead and tin is the most scarity in foreign dominions, and plenty with us, though they are not utterly barren of them. As for iron, about Isenborough, and other places of Germany, they have quadruple the store that we have. As touching butter and cheese, the Hollanders cry, by your leave we must go before you; and the Transalpiners, with their lordly Parmesan (so named of the city of Parma, in Italy, where it is first clout-crushed and made) shoulder in for the upper-hand as hotly: whereas, of our appropriate glory of the Red-Herring, no region, betwixt the poles artick and antartick, may, can, or will rebate from us one scruple.

On no coast, like ours, is it caught in such abundance, no where dressed in his right cue but under our horizon; hoisted, roasted, and toasted here alone it is, and as well powdered and salted as any Dutchman would desire. If you articulate with me of the gain or profit of it, without the which, the new fanglest rarity, that no body can boast of but ourselves, after three days' gazing, is reversed over to children for babies to play with: behold, it is every man's money from the King to the courtier; every house-

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holder, or Goodman Baltrop, that keeps a family in pay, cast for it as one of his standing provisions. The poorer sort make it three parts of their sustenance: with it, for his dinner, the patchedest leather pilche[1] *laboratho* may dine like a Spanish Duke, when the niggardly mouse of beef will cost him sixpence. In the craft of catching, or taking and smudging it, (merchant and chapmanable as it should be), it sets a-work thousands, who lives all the rest of the year gaily well, by what, in some few weeks they scratch up then, and come to bear office of questman[2] and

[1]PILCH, OR PILCHER.—An outer garment generally worn in cold weather, and made of skins of fur; from *pylche*, a skin-coat, Saxon. The term is still retained in connected senses in our dialects. A piece of flannel or other woollen put under a child next the clout, is in Kent called a *pilch;* a coarse shagged piece of rug laid over a saddle for ease of a rider, is in our midland parts called a *pilch.* In our old dramatists the term is applied to a buff or leather jerkin, and Shakespeare has *pilcher* for the sheath of a sword:—

"Will you pluck your sword out of his *pilcher* by the ears?"
Romeo and Juliet, iii, 1.

Decker says of Ben Jonson:—

"Thou hast forgot how thou ambled'st in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon in the high-way."
Satiromastix.

[2]QUESTMAN, OR QUESTMONGER.—One who laid informations, and made a trade of petty law suits. In Clitus's Whimzies, the 16th section contains a long character of a *questman* (page 122), which in fact was an old name for a sides-man, or assistant to the churchwardens. See Blount's "Glossographia," in the word *Sideman.* He is described accordingly, with many quaint strokes of humour:—

"A *questman* is a man of account for this yeere. He never goes without his note-book.—He is a sworne man; which oath serves an injunction on his

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scavenger in the parish where they dwell; which they could never have done, but would have begged or starved, with their wives and brats, had not this captain of the squamy cattle so stood their good lord and master: carpenters, shipwrights, makers of lines, ropes and cables, dressers of hemp, spinners of thread, and net-weavers it gives their handfuls to, sets up so many salthouses to make salt, and salt upon salt; keeps in earnings the cooper, the brewer, the baker, and numbers of other people, to gill, wash, and pack it, and carry it and recarry it.

In exchange of it from other countries, they return wine and woads[1], for which is always paid ready gold, with salt, canvas, nitre, and a great deal of good trash. Her Majesty's tributes and customs, this *semper Augustus* of the sea's finny freeholders, augmenteth and enlargeth unaccountably, and, to the increase of navigation, for her service, he is no enemy.

Voyages of purchase or reprisals, which are now grown a common traffick, swallow up and consume more sailors and mariners than they breed,

conscience to be honest.—The day of his election is not more ready for him than he for it." Pp. 122-3.

He was also a collector of parish rents :—

"Some treasure he hath under his hand, which he must returne; he can convert very little to his own use, nor defeate the parish of any house rent." P. 124.

[1]WOAD.—A plant formerly much used for giving a permanent blue dye, but now superseded by indigo.

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and lightly not a slop of a rope-hauler they send forth to the Queen's ships, but he is first broken to the sea in the herring-man's skiff or cock-boat, where, having learned to brook all waters, and drink as he can out of a tarry can, and eat poor John out of smutty platters when he may get it, without butter or mustard, there is no oh! with him, but, once heartened thus, he will needs be a man of war, or a tobacco-taker, and wear a silver whistle. Some of these, for their haughty climbing, come home with wooden legs, and some with none, but leave body and all behind; those, that escape to bring news, tell of nothing but eating tallow and young blackamoors, of five and five to a rat in every mess, and the ship-boy to the tail; of stopping their noses when they drunk stinking water that came out of the pump of the ship, and cutting a greasy buff jerkin in tripes, and broiling it for their dinners. Divers Indian adventures have been seasoned with direr mishaps, not having, for eight days space, the quantity of a candle's-end amongst eight score to grease their lips with; and, landing in the end to seek food, by the cannibal savages they have been circumvented, and forced to yield their bodies to feed them.

Our mitred archpatriarch, Leopold Herring, exacts no such* Muscovian vassalage of his liegemen, though he put them to their trumps other times, and scuppets not his beneficence into their mouths

*That is, for a man to be his own executioner, and, at his Prince's beck, to go up to the top of the rock and thence throw himself headlong. fol xliii, page 2.

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with such fresh water facility, as Mr. Ascham, in his "Schoolmaster," would imply. His words are these, in his Censure upon Varro :[1] "He enters not," saith he, "into any great depth of eloquence, but, as one carried in a small low vessel by himself very nigh the common shore; not much unlike the fishermen of Rye, or herring-men of Yarmouth, who deserve, by common men's opinion, small commendation for any cunning sailing at all."[2] Well, he was her Majesty's schoolmaster, and a St. John's man in Cambridge, in which house once I took up my inn for seven years together lacking a quarter, and yet love it still, for it is, and ever was, the sweetest nurse of knowledge in all that university. Therefore I will keep fair quarter with him, and expostulate the matter more tamely. *Memorandum non ab uno*, I vary not a minnum from him, that, in the captious mystery of Monsieur Herring, low vessels will not give their heads for the washing, holding their own pell-mell in all weathers, as roughly as vaster timber-men, though not so near the shore, as, through ignorance of the coast he soundeth; nor one man by himself alone, to do everything, which is the opinion of one man, by himself alone,

[1] De Linguâ Latinâ et Analogiâ.

[2] "Yet nevertheless—adds Ascham—in those bookes of Varro, there is good and necessarie stuffe for that meane kinde of argument, verie well and learnedly gathered together."

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and not believed of any other. Five to one, if he were alive, I would beat against him, (since one, without five, is as good as none,) to govern the most egg-shell shallop that floateth, and spread her nets, and draw them in. As stiffly could I controvert it with him about pricking his card so badly in Cape Norfolk, or *Sinus Yarmouthiensis*, and discrediting our countrymen for shore-creepers, like the Colchester oystermen, or whitingmongers and sprat-catchers. Solyman Herring, I would you should persuade yourselves, is loftier-minded, and keepeth more aloof than so; and those that are his followers, if they could seek him where he is, more than common danger they must incur in close driving under sands, which alternately, or betwixt times, when he is disposed to ensconse himself, are his intrenching rendezvous, or castle of retiring; and otherwhile, forty or threescore leagues in the roaring territory, they are glad, on their wooden horses, to post after him, and scour it, with the Ethiopian pitchboards, till they be windless in his quest and pursuing. Returning from waiting on him, have with you to the Adriatick, and abroad every where far and near, to make port-sail of their perfumed smoky commodities, and, that toil rocked asleep, they are for *Ultima Thule*, the North seas, or Iceland, and thence yerk overt that worthy Palamede Don Pedro de Linge, and his worshipful

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nephew Hugo Haberdine, and a trundle-tail tike[1] or shark or two; and, towards Michaelmas, scud home to catch herring again. This argues they should have some experience of navigation, and are not such halcyons to build their nests all on the shore, as Mr. Ascham supposeth.

Rye is one of the most ancient towns belonging to the Cinque Ports, yet limpeth cinque ace behind Yarmouth, and it will sink when Yarmouth riseth, and yet, if it were put into the balance against Yarmouth, it would rise when Yarmouth sinketh; and, to stand thrashing no longer about it, Rye is Rye, and no more but Rye and Yarmouth wheat compared with it. Wherefore, had he been a right clerk of the market, he would have set a higher price on the one than the other, and set that one of the highest price above the other.

Those, that deserve by common men's opinion small commendation for any cunning sailing at all, are not the Yarmouthers; however, there is a foul fault in the print escaped, that cursedly squinteth and leereth that way; but the bonny northern cobles[2] of his country, with their Indian canoes, or boats like great beef trays, or kneading troughs, firking as flight swift through the glassy fields of

[1] TIKE.—*i.e.*, dogfish.

[2] COBLES.—A peculiar kind of boat, very sharp in the bow, and flat-bottomed, and square at the stern, navigated with a lug-sail.

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Thetis, as if it were the land of ice, and sliding over the boiling desert so early, and never bruise one bubble of it, as though they contended to outstrip the light-foot tripper in the Metamorphosis, who would run over the ripe-bending ears of corn, and never shed or perish one kernel. No such iron-fisted Cyclops to hew it out of the flint, and run through any thing as these frost-bitten crab-tree faced lads, spun out of the hards of the tow, which are donsel herrings lackies at Yarmouth every fishing.

Let the careeringest billow confess and absolve itself, before it prick up its bristles against them; for, if it come up on their dancing horse, and offers to tilt it with them, they will ask no trustier lances than their oars, to beat out the brains of it, and stop his throat from belching.

These rubs removed, on with our game as fast as we may, and to the gain of the Red-Herring again, another crash. *Item*, if it were not for this Huniades of the liquid element, that word Quadragesima, or Lent, might be clean sponged out of the calendar, with Rogation Week, Saints'-Eves, and the whole ragman roll of fasting days; and fishmongers might keep Christmas all the year, for any overlavish takings they should have of clowns and clouted shoes, and the rubbish menialty; their best customers, and their bloody adversaries, the

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butchers, would never leave cleaving it out in the whole chines, till they had got a Lord Mayor of their company as well as they. Nay out of their wits they would be haunted with continual takings, and stand cross-gagged, with knives in their mouths, from one Shrove-Tuesday to another, and wear candles-ends in their hat at Midsummer, having no time to shave their pricks,[1] or wash their fly-blown aprons, if Domingo Rufus or Sacrapant Herring, caused not the dice to run contrary.

The Romish rotten Pythagoreans, or Carthusian Friars, that mump on nothing but fish, in what a phlegmatic predicament would they be, did not this counter-poison of the spitting-sickness (sixty-fold more restorative than bezer) patch them out and preserve them, which being double roasted and dried as it is, not only sucks up all the rheumatick inundations, but is a shoeing-horn for a pint of wine overplus.

The sweet smack that Yarmouth finds in it, and how it hath made it *lippitudo Attica* (as it was said of Ægina, her near adjacent confronter) the blemish and stain of all her salt-water sisters in England, and multiplied it from a mole-hill of sand, to a cloud-crowned Mount Teneriffe, abbreviately and meetly, according to my old Sarum plain song I have harped upon; and that, if there were no other

[1] PRICKS.—Skewers.

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certificate, or instance of the inlinked consanguinity betwixt him and Lady Lucar, is *instar mille*, worth a million of witnesses, to exemplify the riches of him. The poets were trivial, that set up Helen's face for such a top-gallant summer maypole for men to gaze at, and strutted it out so in their buskin brags of her beauty, whereof the only Circe's pass, and repass, was that which drew a thousand ships to Troy to fetch her back with a pestilence. Wise men in Greece, in the mean while, to swagger so about a whore.

Eloquious hoary beard, Father Nestor, you were one of them, and you Mr. Ulysses, the prudent dwarf of Pallas, another, of whom it is Iliadized, that your very nose dropped sugar-candy, and that your spittle was honey. Natalis Comes, if he were above ground, would be sworn upon it. As loud a ringing* miracle, as the attractive melting eye of that strumpet, can we supply them with of our dapper Piedmont Huldrick Herring, which draweth more barques to Yarmouth bay, than her beauty did to Troy. O! he is attended upon most Babylonically, and Xerxes so evercloyed not the Hellespont, with his frigates, gallies, and brigantines, as he mantleth the narrow seas with his retinue, being not much behind in the checkroll[1] of his

* *In old time they used to ring out at any miracle.*

[1] CHECKROLL.—A roll or book containing the names of the servants in a palace or large mansion. "To put out of *checkroll*," to dismiss a servant.

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janiraries[1] and contributories, with eagle-soaring Bolingbroke, that at his removing of household into banishment, as Father Froissart threaps[2] down, was accompanied with forty-thousand men, women, and children weeping, from London to the Land's end, at Dover. (?) A colony of critical Zenos, should they sinew their syllogistical cluster-fists in one bundle, to confute and disprove moving, were they but, during the time they might lap up a mess of buttered fish, in Yarmouth one fishing, such a violent motion of toiling myrmidons they should be spectators of, and a confused stirring to and fro of a * Lepanto like host of unfatigable flood-bickerers, and foam-curbers, that they would not move or stir one foot, till they had disclaimed and abjured their bedrid spittle positions. In truth and sincerity, I never crowded through this confluent Herring fair, but it put me in memory of the great year of Jubilee, in Edward the Third's time, in which it is sealed and delivered under the hands of a publick notary, three-hundred thousand people roamed to Rome, for purgatory pills, and paternal venial benedictions, and the ways beyond sea were so bunged up with your daily orators or beads-men, and your crutched and crouched friars or cross-creepers and bare-foot

*The sea battle at Lepanto, fought in the beginning of her Majesty's reign.

[1] JANIRARIES.—Turkish soldiers.

[2] THREAPS.—To maintain.

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penitentiaries, that a snail could not wriggle in her horns betwixt them. Small things we may express by great, and great by small; though the greatness of the Red-Herring be not small, as small a hop on my thumb as he seemeth. It is with him, as with great personages, which from their high estate, and and not their high statures, propagate the elevated titles of their Gogmagogs. Cast his state, who will, and they shall find it to be very high-coloured, as high-coloured as his complexion, if I said there were not a pimple to be abated. In Yarmouth, he hath set up his state-house, where, one quarter of a year, he keeps open court for Jews and Gentiles.

*The fatal wooden horse at Troy, fetched in with such pomp.

To fetch him in, in * Trojan equipage, some of the Christ-cross alphabet of outlandish cosmopoli furrow up the rugged brine, and sweep through his tumultuous ooze, will or nill he, rather than, in tendering their allegiance, they should be benighted with tardity. For our English Microcosmos or Phænician Dido's hide of ground, no shire, country, count palatine, or quarter of it, but rigs out some oaken squadron or other to waft him along Cleopatræan † Olympickly, ‡ and not the least nook or crevice of them, but is parturient of the like superofficiousness ||, arming forth, though it be but a catch or pink no capabler than a rundlet or washing-bowl, to imp the wings of his convoy. Holy St. Taurbard, in what droves, the gouty-bagged Lon-

† *Cleopatra's glorious sailing to meet Anthony.*

‡ *The solemn bringing of the champions at Olympus.*

|| *Tugging forth by the strength of their arms.*

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doners hurry down, and dye the watchet air of an iron russet hue with the dust, that they raise in hot spurred roweling it on to perform compliments unto him? One beck more, to the bailiffs of the Cinque-Ports, whom I were a ruder barbarian than Smill, the prince of the Crims and Nagayans, if in this action, I should forget; having had good cheer at their tables, more than once or twice, whilst I loitered in this paragonless fish-town, city, town or country. Robin Hood and Little John, and who not, are industrious and careful to esquire and safe conduct him in; but in ushering him in, next to the bailiffs of Yarmouth, they trot before all, and play the provost marshals, helping to keep good rule, the first three weeks of his ingress, and never leave roaring it out with their brazen horn, as long as they stay, of the freedoms and immunities sourcing from him. Being thus entered or brought in, the consistorians, or settled standers of Yarmouth, commence intestine wars amongst themselves, who should give him the largest hospitality, and gather about him, as flocking to hansel him, and strike him good luck, as the sweeting madams did about valiant Sir Walter Manny, the martial tutor unto the Black Prince, he that built the Charter-House; who being upon the point of a hazardous journey into France, either to win the horse, or lose the saddle (as it runs in the proverb) and taking his leave at court, in a suit of

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mail from top to toe, all the ladies clung about him, and would not let him stretch out a step, till they had fettered him, with their variable favours, and embroidered over his armour, like a gaudy summer mead, with their scarfs, bracelets, chains and ouches;[1] in generous regard whereof he sacramentally obliged himself, That had the French King as many giants in his country, as he hath pears or grapes, and they stood all enraged on the shore to interdict his disembarking, through the thickest thorny quickset of them, he would pierce, or be tost up to heaven, on their spears; but, in honour of those debonair Idealian nymphs and their spangled trappings, he would be the first man should set foot in his kingdom, or unsheath steel against him. As he promised, so was his * Manly blade's execution; and, in emulation of him, whole herds of knights and gentlemen closed up their right eyes with a piece of silk every one, and vowed never to uncover them, or let them see light, till, in the advancement of their mistresses beauties, they had enacted with their brandished Bilboa blades[2] some chivalrous Bellerophon's trick at arms, that, from Salomon's

* *Manny quasi Manly, and from him, I take it, the Mannys of Kent are descended.*

OUCHES.—A jewel, brooch, spangle, or necklace; but which is the primary signification is not known.—*See Nares' Glossary.*

[2]BILBOA BLADES.—A sword of the best temper, the Spanish town of that name having been once famous for their manufacture. They are mentioned by Falstaff, whilst describing his position in the buck-basket.

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Islands to St. Magnus Corner, might cry clang again.

O! it was a brave age then, and so it is ever, where there are offensive wars, and not defensive, and men fight for the spoil, and not in fear to be spoiled, and are as lions, seeking out their prey, and not as sheep, that lie still, whilst they are preyed on. The Red-Herring is a legate of peace, and so abhorrent from unnatural bloodshed, that if, in his quarrel or bandying, who should harbinger him, there be any hewing or slashing, or trials of life and death there, where that hangman, emboweling, is, his pursuivants or bailiffs return, *Non est inventus;* out of one bailiwick he is fled, never to be fastened on there more. The Scotch jockies, or Red-shanks (so sir-named of their immoderate munching up the Red-shanks, or Red-Herrings,) uphold and make good the same; their clack or gabbling to this purport: "How, *in diebus illis*, when Robert de "Breaux, their gud King, sent his deare heart to the "Haly Land, for reason he caud not gang thider "himself, (or then, or thereabout, or whilome before, "or whilome after, it matters not) they had the "staple or fruits of the herring in their road or channel, "till a foule ill feud arose amongst his sectaries and "servitours; and there was mickle tule, and a black "warld, and a deale of whinyards drawne about him, "and many sacklesse wights and praty barnes run

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"through the tender weambs; and, fra thence, ne "sarry taile of a herring in thilke sound they caud "gripe." This language, or parley, have I usurped from some of the deftest lads in all Edinburgh town; which it will be no impeachment for the wisest to turn loose for a truth, without any diffident wrestling with it. The sympathy thereunto in our own frothy streams we have took napping; wherefore without any further bolstering or backing, this Scotch history may bear the palm; and, if any further bolstering or backing be required, it is evident, by the confession of the six-hundred Scotch witches executed in Scotland at Bartholomew-Tide was twelvemonth, that, in Yarmouth Road, they were all together in a plump on Christmas-Eve was two years, when the great flood was, and there stirred up such tornado's and hurricano's of tempests in envy, (as I collect) that the staple of the Herring from them was translated to Yarmouth, as will be spoken of there, whilst any winds, or storms and tempests chafe and puff in the lower region. They, and all the seafaring towns under our temperate zone of peace, may well envy her prosperity, but they cannot march cheek by jowl with her, or coequal her; and there is no such manifest sign of great prosperity, as a general envy encompassing it. Kings and noblemen it cleaves unto, that walk upright and are any thing happy; and even amongst

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mean artificers it thrusts in its foot, one of them envying another, if he have a knack above another, or his gains be greater; and, if in his art they cannot disgrace him, they will find a starting-hole in his life, that shall confound him; For example: There is [John Thurkle] a mathematical smith, or artificer, in Yarmouth, that hath made a lock and key that weighs but three farthings; and a chest, with a pair of knit gloves in the till thereof, whose poise is no more but a groat. Now I do not think, but all the smiths in London, Norwich, or York, if they heard of him, would envy him, if they could not out-work him. Hydra Herring will have every thing Sybarite * dainty, where he lays knife a-board, or he will fly them, he will not look upon them. Stately-born, stately sprung he is, the best blood of the Ptolemaues no statelier; and, with what state he hath been used from his swaddling-clouts, I have reiterated unto you; and, which is a note above Ela, stately Hyperion, or the lordly sun, the most rutilant planet of the seven, in Lent, when Heralius Herring enters into his chief reign and sceptredom, skippeth and danceth, the goat's jump on the earth, for joy of its entrance. Do but mark him on your walls, any morning at that season, how he sallies and lavantoes, and you will say I am no fabler. Of so eye-bewitching, a deaurate, ruddy dye is the skin-coat of this landgrave, that happy is

*The Sybarites never would make any banquet under a twelvemonth's warning.

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that nobleman, who, for his colours in armoury, can nearest imitate his chemical temper. Nay, which is more, if a man should tell you, that the god Hymen's saffron-coloured robe were made of nothing but Red-Herring skins, you would hardly believe him. Such is the obduracy and hardness of heart of a number of infidels, in these days, they will tear herrings out of their skins, as fast as one of these Exchequer-tellers can turn over a heap of money; but his virtues, both exterior and interior, they have no more taste of, than of a dish of stock-fish. Somewhere I have snatched up a jest of a king, that was desirous to try what kind of flesh-meat was most nutritive and prosperous with a man's body; and, to that purpose, he commanded four hungry fellows, in four separate rooms, by themselves to be shut up for a year and a day; whereof the first should have his gut bombasted with beef, and nothing else, till he cried Hold, Belly, hold; and so the second to have his paunch crammed with pork, the third with mutton, and the fourth with veal. At the twelvemonth's end they were brought before him, and he enquired of every one orderly, What he had eat? Thereupon outstepped the stall-fed foreman, that had been at host with the fat ox, and was grown as fat as an ox with tiring on the sirloins, and baft in his face, Beef, Beef, Beef. Next, the Norfolk hog, or swine worrier, who had got him a

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sagging pair of cheeks, like a sow's paps that gives suck, with the plentiful mast set before him, came lazily waddling in, and puffed out, Pork, Pork, Pork. Then the sly sheep-biter issued into the midst, and somersaulted and flip-flapped it twenty times above ground as light as a feather, and cried, Mutton, Mutton, Mutton. Last, the Essex calf, or lag-man, who had lost the calves of his legs by gnawing on the horse-legs, shuddering and quaking, limped after, with a visage as pale as a piece of white leather, and a staff in his hand, and an handkerchief on his head, and very lamentably vociferated, Veal, Veal, Veal. A witty toy of his noble grace it was, and different from the recipes and prescriptions of modern physicians, that to any sick languishers, if they be able to waggle their chops, propound veal for one of the highest nourishers.

But, had his Principality gone through with fish as well as flesh, and put a man to livery with the Red-Herring but as long, he would have come in * Hurrey, Hurrey, Hurrey, as if he were harrying and chasing his enemies; and Bevis of [South] Hampton, after he had been out of his diet, should not have been able to have stood before him. A cholerick parcel of food it is, that whoso ties himself to rack and manger to for five summers, and five winters, he shall beget a child that will be a

* *As much to say as Urrey, Urrey, Urrey, one of the principle places where the herring is caught.*

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soldier and a commander before he hath cast his first teeth; and an Alexander, a Julius Cæsar, a Scanderbeg or a Barbarossa, he will prove ere he aspire to thirty.

But to think on a Red-Herring, such a hot stirring meat it is, 'tis enough to make the cravenest dastard proclaim fire and sword against Spain: The most itinerant virgin-wax phisiognomy, that taints his throat with the least rib of it; it will embrawn and iron-crust his flesh, and harden his soft bleeding veins as stiff and robustious as branches of coral. The art of kindling of fires, that is practised in the smoking and parching of him, is old dog against the plague: Too foul-mouthed I am, to becollow, or becollier him, with such chimney-sweeping attributes of smoking and parching. Will you have the secret of it? This well-meaning *Pater patriæ*, and proveditor and supporter of Yarmouth, (which is the lock and key of Norfolk,) looking pale and sea-sick at his first landing, those that be his stewards, or necessariest men about him, whirl him, in a thought, out of the raw cold air, to some stew or hot-house, where immuring himself for three or four days, when he un-houseth him, or hath cast off his shell, he is as freckled about the gills, and looks as red as a fox, clammy, and is more surly to be spoken with than ever he was

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before; and, like Lais of Corinth,[1] will smile upon no man, except he may have his own asking. There are that number of herrings vented out of Yarmouth every year, (though the grammarians make no plural number of *Halec*,) as not only they are more by two thousand lasts than our own land can spend, but they fill all other lands, to whom, at their own prices, they sell them, and happy is he that can first lay hold of them. And how can it be otherwise? For if Cornish pilchards, otherwise called Fumados, taken on the shore of Cornwall, from July to November, be so saleable as they are in France, Spain, and Italy, which are but counterfeits to the Red-Herring, as copper to gold, or lead to silver; much more their elbows itch for joy, when they meet with the true gold, the true Red-Herring itself. No true flying fish but he; or if there be, that fish never flies but when his wings are wet, and the Red-Herring flies best when his wings are dry; throughout Belgium, High Germany, France, Spain, and Italy he flies; and up into Greece and Africa, south, and south-west, ostrich-like, walks his stations; and the sepulchre palmers or pilgrims, because he is so portable, fill their scrips

[1]LAIS OF CORINTH.—A celebrated Greek courtesan. She first resided at Corinth. The expenses which attended her pleasures gave rise to the proverb, "Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum" (It is not in every man's power to visit Corinth). Her fame attracted even Demosthenes to visit her.

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with them: Yea, no dispraise to the blood of the Ottomans, the Nabuchedonesor of Constantinople, and giantly Antæus, that never yawneth or sneezeth but he affrighteth the whole earth, gormandizing, muncheth him up for imperial dainties, and will not spare his idol Mahomet a bit with him, no not though it would fetch him from heaven forty years before his time; whence with his dove, that he taught to peck barley out of his ear, and brought his disciples into a fool's paradise, that it was the Holy Ghost in her similitude, he is expected every minute to descend; but, I am afraid, as he was troubled with the falling sickness in his life-time, in like manner it took him in his mounting up to heaven, and so *ab Inferno nulla redemptio*, he is fallen backward into hell, and they are never more like to hear of him. Whilst I am shuffling and cutting with these long-coated Turks, would any antiquary would explicate unto me this remblere, or quiddity: Whether those* turbanto grout-heads, that hang all men by the throats on iron hooks, (even as our towers hang all their herrings by the throats on wooden spits,) first learned it of our herring men, or our herring men of them? Why the Alkoranship of that Beelzebub of the Saracens, Rhinoceros Zelim aforesaid, should so much delight in this shiney animal, I cannot guess, except he had a desire to imitate Midas in eating of

**Turbans, the great lawn roll, which the Turks wear about their head.*

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gold, or Dionysius in stripping of Jupiter of his golden coat; and, to shoot my fool's bolt amongst you, that fable of Midas's eating gold had no other shadow, or inclusive pith in it, but he was of a squeamish stomach, and nothing he could fancy, but this new-found gilded fish, which Bacchus, at his request, gave him, though it were not known here two thousand years after, for it was the delicates of the gods, and no mortal food, till of late years. Midas, inexperienced of the nature of it, (for he was a fool, and had ass's ears,) snapped it up at one blow, and, because in the boiling or seething it in his maw, he felt it commotion a little and upbraid him, he thought he had eaten gold indeed, and thereupon directed his orisons to Bacchus afresh, to help it out of his crop again, and have mercy upon him and recover him; he, propensive and inclining to Midas's devotion in every thing, in lieu of the friendly hospitalities, drunken Silenus, his companion, found at his hands when he strayed away from him, bad him but go and wash himself in the river Pactolus, (that is, go wash it down soundly with flowing cups of wine,) and he should be as well as ever he was. By the turning of the river Pactolus into gold, after he had rinsed and clarified himself in it, (which is the close of the fiction,) is signified, that, in regard of that blessed operation of the juice of the grape in him, from that day forth, in nothing but golden cups, he

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would drink or quaff it; whereas, in wooden mazers,[1] and Agathocles[2] earthen stuff, they trilled it off before, and that was the first time that any golden cups were used.

Follow this tract in expounding the tale of Dionysius and Jupiter, and you cannot go amiss. No such Jupiter, no such golden-coated image was there; but it was a plain, golden-coated Red-Herring without welt or guard, whom, for the strangeness of it, (they having never beheld a beast of that hue before) in their temples enshrined for a god; and, insomuch as Jupiter had shewed them such slippery pranks more than once or twice, in shifting himself into sundry shapes, and raining himself down in gold into a woman's lap,[3] they thought this too might be a trick of youth in him, to alter himself into the form of this golden scaglia, or Red-Herring. And therefore, as to Jupiter, they fell down on their marrow bones and lifted up their hay-rakes unto him. Now, King Dionysius being a good wise fellow, for he was afterwards a schoolmaster, and had played the

[1] MAZER.—A bowl, or goblet

"A mighty *mazer* bowle of wine was sett,
As if it had to him been sacrifide."

Spencer's Fairy Queen, ii, xii, 49.

[2] AGATHOCLES was brought up as a potter at Syracuse.

[3] DANAE.—Daughter of Acrisius.

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coachman to Plato, and spit in Aristippus the philosopher's face, many a time and oft, no sooner entered their temple, and saw him sit under his canopy so budgly, with a whole goldsmith's stall of jewels and rich offerings at his feet, but to him he stepped, and plucked him from his state with a curse; then drawing out his knife iracundiously, at one whisk lopped off his, head, and stripped him out of his golden demy or mandilion,[1] and flead him, and thrust him down his pudding-house at a gobb. Yet, long it prospered not with him, so revengeful a just Jupiter is the Red-Herring, for, as he tore him from his throne and, uncased him of his habiliments, so, in a small revolution of years, from his throne he was chased and clean stripped of his royalty, and glad to play the schoolmaster at Corinth, and take a rod in his hand for his sceptre, and horn book pigmies for his subjects, *id est*, (as I imitated some dozen lines before) of a tyrant, to become a frowning pedant, or schoolmaster.

Many of you have read these stories, and could never pick out any such English; no more would you of the Ismael Persians Haly, or *Mortuus Alli* they worship, whose true etymology is, *mortuum halec*, a dead Red-Herring, and no other, though, by

MANDILION.—A soldier's coat.

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corruption of speech they false dialect and missound it. Let any Persian oppugn this, and, in spite of his hairy tuft, or love lock he leaves on the top of his crown, to be pulled up, or pullied up to heaven, by, I will set my foot to his, and fight it out with him, that their fopperly God is not so good as a Red-Herring. To recount *ab ovo*, or from the church book of his birth, how the Herring first came to be a fish, and then, how he came to be king of fishes, and gradually, how from white to red he changed would require as massy a tome as Holinshed; but in half pennyworth of paper I will epitomise them. Let me see, hath any body in Yarmouth heard of Leander and Hero, of whom divine Musæus sung, and a diviner muse than him Kit Marlowe[1]?

KIT MARLOWE. — Christopher, or, as he is familiarly called, Kit, Marlowe was probably born about the year 1564, as he took up the degree of B.A. at Cambridge in 1583. "He was," says Beard, "by profession a scholar, brought up from his youth in the University of Cambridge, but by practice a playmaker and a poet of scurrility." In the month of June, 1593, Marlowe was killed by a man to whom "he owed a grudge," and who was said to have been his rival under circumstances discreditable to both. The man, whose name was Francis Archer, appears to have acted in self-defence. According to the relations which are given of the story, Archer had asked Marlowe to a feast at Deptford, and while they were playing at backgammon Marlowe suddenly drew out his dagger, and attempted to stab his host; when Archer perceiving his intention, avoided the blow, and quickly seizing his own dagger, struck Marlowe in the eye, bringing away the brains as he withdrew the weapon. Medical aid was immediately procured, but it was unavailing: Marlowe died in a few hours. Of the issue in reference to

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Two faithful lovers, they were, as every apprentice in Paul's churchyard will tell you for your love, and sell you for your money. The one dwelt at Abydos in Asia, which was Leander, the other which was Hero, his mistress, or Delia, at Sestos in Europe, and she was a pretty pinkeyed and Venus priest; and but an arm of the sea divided them; It divided them, and it divided them not, for over that arm of the sea could be made a long arm. In their parents the most division rested; and their towns, that, like Yarmouth and Lowestoff, were still at wrig, wrag, and sucked from their mother's teats serpentine hatred one against each other; which drove Leander, when he durst not deal above-board, or be seen a-board any ship, to sail to his lady dear, to play the dipopper and ducking water-spaniel to swim to her, nor that in the day, but by owl-light.

What will not blind night do for blind Cupid? And what will not blind Cupid do in the night,

Archer, nothing is known. Thus perished, at the untimely age of thirty, in a mean brawl, the greatest dramatic poet in our language anterior to Shakespeare.

Nash and Marlowe were contemporaries at Cambridge. Amongst the papers Marlowe left behind him were the unfinished tragedy of *Dido*, afterwards completed for the stage by Nash, and the commencement of a paraphrase of the Greek poem ascribed to Musæus of *Hero and Leander*, which Chapman brought to a conclusion. It was published for the first time in 1598—the year Nash visited Great Yarmouth.

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which is his blindman's holiday? By the sea-side on the other side, stood Hero's tower; such another tower as one of our Irish castles, that is not so wide as a belfry, and a cobbler cannot jerk out his elbows in; a cage or pigeon-house, roomsome enough to comprehend her, and the toothless trot her nurse, who was her only chatmate and chambermaid; consultively by her parents being so encloistered from resort, that she might live a chaste vestal priest to Venus,—the queen of unchastity. She would none of that she thanked them, for she was better provided, and that, which they thought served their turn best, of sequestering her from company, served her turn best to embrace the company she desired. Fate is a spaniel that you cannot beat from you; the more you think to cross it, the more you bless it and further it.

Neither her father nor mother vowed chastity when she was begot; therefore she thought they begat her not to live chaste, and either she must prove herself a bastard, or shew herself like them. Of Leander you may write upon, and it is written upon, she liked well; and, for all he was a naked man, and clean despoiled to the skin, when he sprawled through the brackish suds to scale her tower, all the strength of it could not hold him out. O, ware a naked man! Cytherea's nuns had no power to resist him; and some such quality is

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ascribed to the lion. Were he never so naked when he came to her, because he should not scare her, she found a means to cover him in her bed; and, that he might not take cold after his swimming, she lay close by him to keep him warm. This scuffling, or bopeep in the dark, they had a while, without weam or brack, and the old nurse (as there be three things seldom in their kind, till they be old, a bawd, a witch, and a midwife) executed the huckstring office of her years, very charily and circumspectly, till their sliding stars revolted from them, and then, for seven days together, the wind and the Hellespont contended which should howl louder; the waves dashed up to the clouds, and the clouds, on the other side, spit and drivelled upon them as fast.

Hero wept as trickling as the heavens, to think that heaven should so divorce them. Leander stormed worse than the storms, that, by them he should be so restrained from his Cynthia. At Sestos was his soul, and he could not abide to tarry in Abydos. Rain, snow, hail, or blow how it could, into the pitchy Hellespont he leapt, when the moon and all torch-bearers were afraid to peep out their heads; but he was peppered for it; he had as good have took meat, drink, and leisure, for the churlish, frampold[1] waves gave him his belly-full of fish-broth,

[1] FRAMPOLD.—Peevish; cross; vexatious.

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ere, out of their laundry or wash-house they would grant him his coquet, or *Transire*[1]; and not only that, but they sealed him his *Quietus est*, for curveting any more to the Maiden Tower, and tossed his dead carcase, well bathed or parboiled, to the sandy threshold of his lemon or orange, for a *dejeûné*, or morning breakfast. All that live-long night could she not sleep, she was so troubled with the rheum, which was a sign she should hear of some drowning: yet, towards cock-crowing, she caught a little slumber, and then she dreamed, that Leander and she were playing at check-stone,[2] with pearls, in the bottom of the sea.

You may see dreams are not so vain as they are preached of, though, not in vain, preachers inveigh against them, and bend themselves out of people's minds to exhale their foolish superstition. The rheum is the student's disease, and who study most dream most. The labouring men's hands glow and blister after their day's work: The glowing and blistering of our brains, after our day-labouring cogitations, are dreams, and those dreams are raking vapours of no impressions, if your matchless couches

[1]TRANSIRE (Lat.).—In *law*, a custom-house warrant, for permitting goods to pass.

[2]CHECKSTONE.—A game played by children with small round pebbles. It is mentioned in the early play of "Apollo Shroving," 12mo, Lond. 1627, p. 49.

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be not half empty. Hero, hoped, and therefore she dreamed (as all hope is but a dream) her hope was where her heart was, and, her heart winding, and turning with the wind that might wind her heart of gold to her, or else turn him from her. Hope and fear both combated in her, and both these are wakeful, which made her at break of day (what an old crone is the day, that is so long a breaking?) to unloop her luket, or casement, to look whence the blasts came, or what gait or pace the sea kept, when forthwith her eyes bred her eyesore, the first white, whereon their transpiercing arrows stuck, being the breathless corpse of Leander; with the sudden contemplation of this piteous spectacle of her love, sodden to haddock's meat, her sorrow could not choose but be indefinite, if her delight in him were but indifferent; and there is no woman but delights in sorrow, or she would not use it so lightly for every thing.

Down she ran in her loose night-gown, and her hair about her ears (even as Semiramis ran out with her lye-pot in her hand, and her black dangling tresses about her shoulders, with her ivory comb ensnarled in them, when she heard that Babylon was taken) and thought to have kissed his dead corpse alive again; but as, on his blue-jellied sturgeon lips she was about to clap one of those warm plaisters, boisterous wool-packs of ridged tides came rolling

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in, and forced him from her (with a mind belike to carry him back to Abydos.) At that she became a frantick Bacchanal outright, and made no more bones, but sprang after him, and so resigned up her priesthood, and left work for Musæus and Kit Marlowe.

The gods and goddesses, all on a row, bread and crow, from Ops to Pomona, the first apple-wife, were so dumped with this miserable wreck, that they began to abhor all moisture for the sea's sake; and Jupiter could not endure Ganymede, his cup-bearer, to come in his presence, both for the dislike he bore to Neptune's baneful liquor, as also that he was so like to Leander. The sun was so in his mumps upon it, that it was almost noon before he could go to cart that day, and then with so ill a will he went, that he had thought to have toppled his burning car, or hurry-curry into the sea (as Phaeton did) to scorch it and dry it up; and at night, when he was begrimed with dust and sweat of his journey, he would not descend as he was won't, to wash him in the ocean, but under a tree laid him down to rest in his clothes, at night; and so did the scowling moon under another, hard by him, which of that are behighted the trees of the sun and moon, and are the same that Sir John Mandeville tells us, he spoke with, and that spoke to Alexander. Venus, for Hero was her priest, and

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Juno Lucina the midwife's goddess, for she was now quickened, and cast away by the cruelty of Æolus, took bread and salt, and eat it, that they would be smartly revenged on that truculent windy jailor; and they forgot it not, for Venus made his son and his daughter to commit incest together. Lucina, that there might be some lasting characters of his shame, helped to bring her to bed of a godly boy, and Æolus, bolting out all this, heaped murder upon murder.

The dint of destiny could not be repealed in the reviving of Hero and Leander; but their heavenly hood's, in their synods, thus decreed, that, as they were either of them sea-boarders, and drowned in the sea, still to the sea they must belong, and be divided in habitation after death, as they were in their life-time. Leander, (for that in a cold, dark, testy night he had his passport to Charon,) they terminated to the unquiet, cold coast of Iceland, where half the year is nothing but dark night, and to that fish translated him, which with us is termed Ling. Hero, (for that she was paled and tympanized, and sustained two losses under one,) they foot-balled their heads together, and protested to make the stem of her, loins of all fishes, the flaunting Fabian or Palmerin of England, which is Cadwallader Herring; and as their meetings were but seldom, and not so often as welcome, so but seldom should they meet in

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the heel of the week, at the best men's tables, upon Fridays and Saturdays, the holy time of Lent exempted, and then they might be at meat and meal for seven weeks together.

The nurse or mother Mampudding, that was a cowring on the backside, whilst these things were a tragedizing, led by the screech or outcry, to the prospect of this sorrowful heigho: as soon as, through the raveled button-holes of her blear eyes, she had sucked in and received such a revelation of doomsday, and that she saw her mistress mounted a cockhorse, and hoisted away to hell or to heaven, on the backs of those rough-headed ruffians, down she sank to the earth, as dead as a door nail, and never mumped crust after. Whereof their supernalities (having a drop or two pity left of the huge hogshead of tears, they spent for Hero and Leander) seemed to be something sorry, though they could not weep for it; and because they would be sure to have a medicine, that should make them weep at all times, to that kind of grain they turned her, which we call mustard-seed, as well for that she was a shrewish snappish bawd, that would bite off a man's nose, with an answer, and had rheumatic sore eyes, that ran always, as that she might accompany Hero and Leander, after death, as in her life-time; and hence it is, that mustard bites a man so by the nose, and makes him weep and water his plants, when he

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tasteth it: and that Hero and Leander, (the Red-Herring and Ling,) never come to the board without mustard, their waiting-maid: and if you mark it, mustard looks of the tanned wainscot hue, of such a withered wrinkled-faced beldam, as she was, that was altered thereinto. Loving Hero, however altered, had a smack of love still, and therefore to the coast of Lovingland (to Yarmouth near adjoining, and within her Liberties of Kirtley Road) she accustomed to come in pilgrimage, every year; but contentions arising there, and she remembering the event of the contentions betwixt Sestos and Abydos, that wrought both Leander's death and her's, shunneth it of late, and retired more northwards; so she shunneth unquiet Humber, because Elstred was drowned there, and the Scots seas, as before; and every other sea where any blood hath been spilt, for her own sea's sake, that spilt her sweet sweetheart's blood and her's.

Whippit,[1] turn to a new lesson, and strike we up John for the King, or tell how the herring scrambled up to be the King of all fishes.[2] So it fell upon a

[1]WHIPPIT.—To jump about.

[2]KING OF ALL FISHES.—Ben Jonson makes COB, in his "Every Man in his Humour,"—Act i, Scene 3,—say: "Mine ance'try came from a king's belly, uo worse man; and yet no man neither, by your worship's leave I did lie in that, but *Herring, the king of fish;* from his belly I proceed, one of the monarchs of the world, I assure you. The first red herring that was broiled in Adam and Eve's kitchen, do I fetch my pedigree from."

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time and tide, though not upon a holiday; a falconer bringing over certain hawks out of Ireland, and airing them above hatches on ship-board, and giving them stones to cast and scour, one of them broke loose from his fist, before he was aware, which being in her kingdom, when she was got upon her wings, and finding herself empty gorged, after her casting; up to heaven she towered to seek prey, but there being no game to please her, down she fluttered to the sea again, and, a speckled fish playing above the water, at it she struck, mistaking it for a partridge. A shark or tuberon, that lay gaping for the flying fish hard by, what did me he, but, seeing the mark-fall so just in his mouth, chopped a-loft and snapped her up bells and all, at a mouthful. The news of this murderous act being carried by the King's fisher to the ears of the land fowls, there was nothing but "Arm, arm, arm, to sea, to sea, swallow and titmouse, to take chastisement of that trespass of blood and death, committed against a peer of their blood royal."

Preparations was made, the muster taken, the leaders allotted, and had their bills to take up pay; an old goshawk for general was appointed, for marshal of the field a sparhawk, whom for no former desert, they put in office, but because it was one of their lineage had sustained that wrong, and they thought they would be more implacable in condoling

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and commiserating. The peacocks with their spotted coats and affrighting voices, for heralds, they pricked and enlisted; and the cockadoodling cocks, for their trumpeters (look upon any cock, and look upon any trumpeter, and see if he look not as red as a cock, after his trumpeting, and a cock as red as he, after his crowing.) The kestrels or windsuckers, that filling themselves with wind, fly against the wind evermore, for their full-sailed standard-bearers; the cranes for pikemen, and the woodcocks for demi-lances; and so of the rest every one, according to that place, by nature, he was most apt for. Away to the land's end they trig all the sky-bred chirpers of them; when they came there, *Æquora nos terrent, et ponti tristis imago.* They had wings of good-will to fly with, but no webs on their feet to swim with, for except the water fowls have mercy upon them, and stood their faithful confederates and back-friends, on their backs to transport them, they might return home, like good fools, and gather straws to build their nests, or fall to their old trade of picking worms. *Insum,* to the water fowls unanimately they recourse, and besought duck and drake, swan and goose, halcyons and sea-pies, cormorants and sea-gulls for their hoary assistance, and aidful furtherance in this action.

They were not obdurate to be entreated, though they had little cause to revenge the hawk's quarrel,

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from them; having received so many high displeasures, and slaughters, and rapines of their race; yet, in a general prosecution, private feuds they trod under foot, and submitted their endeavours to be at their limitation in every thing.

The puffin that is half fish, half flesh, (a John indifferent, and an Ambidexter bewtixt either) bewrayed this conspiracy to Protæus's herds, or the fraternity of fishes which the greater giants of Russia and Iceland, as the whale, the sea-horse, the morse, the wasserman[1], the dolphin, the grampus, fleered and jeered at as a ridiculous danger; but the lesser pigmies and spawn of them thought it meet to provide for themselves betimes, and elect a king amongst them, that might lead them to battle, and under whose colours they might march against these birds of a feather, that had so colleagued themselves together, to destroy them.

Who this king should be, beshackled their wits, and laid them a dry ground every one. No ravening fish they would put in arms, for fear after he had everted their foes, and fleshed himself in blood, for interchange of diet, he would raven up them.

Some politick delegatory Scipio, or witty-pated Petito, like their heir of *Laertes per aphæresin*, *Ulysses*, well known unto them by his prolixious sea-

[1] WASSERMAN.—Query?

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wandering, and dancing on their topless totering hills, they would single forth, if it might be, whom they might depose when they list, if he should begin to tyrannise; and such a one as, of himself, were able to make a sound party, if all failed, and bid base to the enemy, with his own kindred and followers.

None won the day in this, but the Herring, whom all their clamorous suffrages saluted with *Vive le roi!* God save the King, God save the King, save only the plaice and the butt[1], that made wry mouths at him, and for their mocking have wry mouths ever since; and the Herring ever since wears a coronet on his head, in token that he is, as he is. Which had the worst end of the staff in that sea journey or canvazado[2], or whether some fowler with his nets, as this host of feather-mongers were getting up to ride double, involved or entangled them; or the water fowls played them false, as there is no more love betwixt them than betwixt sailors and land soldiers, and threw them off their backs and let them drown, when they were launched into the deep: I leave to some Alfonsus, Poggius, or Æsop to unwarp, for my pen is tired in it. But this is notorious, the Herring, from that time

[1] BUTT.—A flounder.

[2] CANVASADO.—A stroke in fencing.

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to this, hath gone with an army, and never stirs abroad without it; and when he stirs abroad with it, he sends out his scouts or sentinels before him, that oftentimes are intercepted, and by their parti-coloured liveries descried, whom the mariners, after they have took, use in this sort: Eight or nine times they swing them about the main mast, and bid them bring them so many last of herrings, as they have swinged them times; and that shall be their ransom, and so throw them into the sea again. King, by your leave, for, in your kingship, I must leave you, and repeat how from white to red you chameleonized.

It is to be read, or to be heard of, how in the punyship or nonage of Cerdick Sands, when the best houses and walls there were of mud, or canvas or poldavies[1] entiltments, a fisherman of Yarmouth, having drawn so many herrings he wist not what to do withal, hung the residue that he could not sell nor spend, in the sooty roof of his shed a-drying: Or say thus, his shed was a cabinet in *decimo sexto*, built on four crutches, and he had no room in it, but in that garret or *excelsis* to lodge them, where if they were dry, let them be dry; for in the sea they

[1]POLDAVIES.—Tarpaulin, or any coarse wares.—"I cannot draw it to uch a curious web, therefore you must be content with homely *poledavie* ware from me."—*Howell's Letters.*

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had drunk too much, and now he would force them do penance for it.

The weather was cold, and good fires he kept (as fishermen, what hardness soever they endure at sea, they will make all smoke, but they will make amends for it when they come to land) and what with his firing and smoking, or smoky firing in that his narrow lobby, his herrings, which were as white as whalebone when he hung them up, now looked as red as a lobster. It was four or five days before either he or his wife espied it, and, when they espied it, they fell down on their knees, and blessed themselves, and cried, A Miracle! A Miracle! and with the proclaiming it among their neighbours they could not be content, but to the court the fisherman would, and present it to the King, then lying at Borough Castle two miles off.

Of this Borough Castle, because it is so ancient, and there hath been a city there, I will enter into some more special mention. The Flood Waveny running through many towns of High Suffolk up to Bungay, and from thence encroaching nearer and nearer to the sea, with its twining and winding it cuts out an Island of some amplitude, named Lovingland: the head town in that island is Lowestoff, in which, be it known to all men, I was born; though my father sprung from the Nash's of Herefordshire.

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The next town from Lowestoff, towards Yarmouth, is Corton and next Gorlstone. More inwardly, on the left-hand, where Waveny and the river Ierus mix their waters, *Cnoberi Urbs*, the city of Cnober, at this day termed Burgh, or Borough Castle had its being.

This city and castle, say Bede and Master Camden, or rather Mr. Camden out of Bede, by the woods about it, and the driving of the sea up to it, was most pleasant. In it one Furfæus, a Scot, built a monastery, at whose persuasion, Sigebert, king of the East Angles, gave over his kingdom and led a monastical life there; but forth of that monastery he was hailed, against his will, to encourage his subjects in their battle against the Mercians, where he perished with them.

Nothing of that castle save tattered ragged walls now remains, framed foursquare, and overgrown with briars and bushes, in stubbing up of which, some time since they dug up Roman coins, and buoys and anchors. Well, thither our fisherman set the best leg before and unfolded to the King his whole satchel of wonders. The King was as superstitious in worshiping those miraculous herrings as the fisherman, licensed him to carry them up and down the realm for strange monsters, giving to Cerdick Sands (the birth place of such monstrosities) many privileges; and, in that the quantity of them

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that were caught so increased, he assigned a broken sluice in the island of Lovingland, called Herring Fleet, where they should disburden and discharge their boats of them and render him custom. Our herring-smoker, having worn his monsters stale throughout England, spirted over seas to Rome with a pedlar's pack of them, in the papal chair of Vigilius, he that first instituted saints eves, or vigils, to be fasted. By that time he came thither, he had but three of his herrings left; for, by the way, he fell into the thievish hands of malcontents, and of lance-knights, by whom he was not only robbed of all his money, but was fain to redeem his life beside, with the better part of his ambry of burnished fishes.

These herrings three, be rubbed and curried over till his arms ached again, to make them glow and glare like a Turkey brooch, or a London vintner's sign, thick jagged, and round fringed, with theaming arsadine, and folding them in a diaper napkin, as lily-white as a lady's marrying smock, to the market place of Rome he was so bold as to prefer them, and there, on a high stool, unbraced and unlaced them, to any chapman's eye that would buy them. The Pope's caterer, casting a liquorish glance that way, asked what it was he had to sell; The king of fishes, he answered. The king of fishes, replied he; what is the price of them? A

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hundred ducats, he told him. A hundred ducats, quoth the Pope's caterer, that is a kingly price indeed, it is for no private man to deal with him; Then he is for me, said the fisherman, and so unsheathed his cuttle-bong, and from the nape of the neck to the tail dismembered him, and paunched him up at a mouthful. Home went his Beatitude's caterer with a flea in his ear, and discoursed to his Holiness what had happened. Is it the king of fishes? The Pope frowningly shook him up like a cat in a blanket, and is any man to have him but I that am king of kings, and lord of lords? Go give him his price I command thee, and let me taste of him incontinently. Back returned the caterer like a dog that had burnt his tail, and poured down the herring merchant his hundred ducats for one of those two of the king of fishes unsold, which then he would not take, but stood upon two hundred. Thereupon they broke off, the one urging that he had offered it him so before; and the other, that he might have took him at his proffer; which since he refused, and now haftered[1] with him; as he eat up the first, so would he eat up the second, and let Pope, or Patriarch of Constantinople, fetch it out of his belly if they could: he was as good as his word, and had no sooner spoke the word, but he did as he

HAFTERED.—Cavilled, wrangled.

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spoke. With a heavy heart to the palace the yeoman of the mouth departed, and rehearsed this second ill success, wherewith Peter's successor was so in his mulligrums, that he had thought to have buffeted him, and cursed him with Bell, Book, and Candle;[1] but he ruled his reason, and bad him,

[1]BELL, BOOK, AND CANDLE.—In the solemn form of excommunication used in the Romish Church, the bell was tolled, the book of offices for the purpose used, and three candles extinguished, with certain ceremonies; hence this expression.

> *Bell, book, and candle*, shall not drive me back
> When gold and silver becks me to come on.

Four times a year, the following curse was read in the church, *in terrorem*, against all who in any way, defrauded the church of her dues. The prelate stood in the pulpit in his albe, the cross was lifted up, and the candles lighted; when he proceeded thus:

Thorow authoritie of Lord God Almighty, and our lady St. Mary, and all the saints of heaven, of angels or archangels, patriarchs and prophets, evangelists, apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins; also by the power of all holy church, that our Lord Jesu Christ gave to S. Peter, we denounce all those accursed that we have thus reckned to you: and all those that maintaine hem in her sins, or given hem hereto either helpe or councell, so that they be departed from God, and all holy church, and that they have noe part of the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ, ne of noe sacraments that been in holy church, ne noe part of the prayers among christen folke, but that they be accursed of God and of holy church, from the sool of their foot unto the crown of their head, sleaping and waking, sitting and standing, in all her words, and in all her workes, and but if [unless] they have grace of God for to amend hem here in this life, for to dwell in the pain of hell, for ever withouten end *(fiat, fiat)*. Doe to the *book*, quench the *candle*, ring the *bell*. Amen. Amen.

This form was extracted from the Canterbury book, by sir Thomas Ridley, or his annotator, J. Gregory. See his view of the Civile and Ecclesiasticall Law, p. 249. The days of cursing were Advent Sunday, the first Sunday in Lent, the Sunday in the feast of Trinity, and the Sunday within the *utas* [or octave] of the Virgin Mary. The curse was very like that of Ernulphus.—In the

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though it cost a million, to let him have that third that rested behind, and hie him expeditely thither, lest some other snatched it up, and as fast, from thence again; for he swore by his triple crown, no crumb of refection would he gnaw upon, till he had sweetened his lips with it.

So said, so done, thither he flew as swift as Mercury, and threw him his two-hundred ducats, as he before demanded. It would not fadge, for then the market was raised to three-hundred, and, the caterer grumbling thereat, the fisher swain was forward to settle him to his tools, and tire upon it, as on the other two, had not he held his hands, and desired him to keep the peace, for no money should part them: with that speech he was qualified, and pursed the three hundred ducats, and delivered him the king of fishes, teaching him to gearmumble it, sauce it, and dress it, and so sent him away a glad man. All the Pope's cooks, in their white sleeves,

following passage the allusion is only jocular, applying the same form of words to a different purpose :—

> I have a priest will mumble up a marriage,
> Without *bell*, *book*, or *candle*.
>
> *Ram Alley*, O Pl., v. 447.

Where the candle seems only to be added from the custom of joining the three together.—The use of the bell was supposed to be to fright away evil spirits,—

> Ring the *saints-bell* to affright
> Far from hence the evil sprite.
>
> *Herrick's Work*, p. 302.

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and linen aprons, met him mid-way, to entertain and receive the king of fishes, and together by the ears they went, who should first handle him or touch him; but the clerk of the kitchen appeased that strife, and would admit none but himself, to have the scorching and carbonading of it, and he kissed his hand thrice, and made as many humblessoes before he would finger it; and, such obeisances performed, he dressed it as he was enjoined, kneeling on his knees, and mumbling twenty *Ave Maries* to himself, in the sacrificing it on the coals, that his diligent service in the broiling and combustion of it, both to his kingship and to his fatherhood, might not seem unmeritorious. The fire had not pierced it, but, being a sweaty loggerhead, greasy *sutor*, endungeoned in his pocket a twelvemonth, it stunk so over the Pope's palace that not a scullion but cried Foh! and those, which at the first flocked the fastest about it, now fled the most from it, and sought more to rid their hands of it, than before they sought to bless their hands with it. With much stopping of their noses, between two dishes they stewed it, and served it up. It was not come within three chambers of the Pope, but he smelt it; and, upon the smelling of it enquiring what it should be that sent forth such a puissant perfume, the standers-by declared that it was the king of fishes: I conceited no less, said the Pope for less than a

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king he could not be that had so strong a scent; and if his breath be so strong, what is he himself? Like a great king, like a strong king I will use him, let him be carried back, I say, and my cardinals shall fetch him in with dirge and processions under my canopy.

Though they were double and double weary of him, yet his edict being a law, to the kitchen they returned him, whither, by and by, the whole college of scarlet cardinals, with their crosiers, their censors, their hosts, their *Agnus dei's* and crucifixes, flocked together, in heaps, as it had been to the conclave, or a general council, and the senior cardinal, that stood next in election, to be Pope, heaved him up from the dresser, with a dirge of *de profundis natus est fex; rex* he should have said, and so have made true Latin, but the spirable odour and pestilent steam, ascending from it, put him out of his bias of congruity, and, as true as the truest Latin of Priscian, would have queazened him, like the damp that took both Bell and Baram away, and many a worthy man that day, if he had not been protected under the Pope's canopy, and the other cardinals, with their holy water sprinkles, quenched his foggy fume and evaporating. About and about the inward and base court they circumducted him with *kyrie eleison*, and *halleluiah*, and the chanters in their golden copes, and white surplices, chanted it

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out above *Gloria Patri;* in praising of him, the organs played, the ordnance at the Castle of St. Angelo went off, and all wind instruments blew as loud as the wind in winter, in his passado to the Pope's ordinary or dining-chamber, where, having set him down, upon their faces they fell flat, and licked every one his ell of dust, in douking on all four unto him.

The busy epitasis[1] of the comedy was, when the dishes were uncovered, and the swart-rutter[2] sowre took air, for then he made such an air as Alcides himself, that cleansed the stables of Augeas, nor any hostler was able to endure.

This is once, the Pope it popped under board, and out of his palace worse it scared him than Neptune's phocases that scared the horses of Hippolytus, or the harpies Jupiter dogs sent to vex Phineus; the cardinals were at their *ora pro nobis*, and held this suffocation a meet sufferance, for so contemning the king of fishes, and his subjects, and fleshly surfeiting in their carnivals. Necromantic sorcery, necromantic sorcery, some evil spirit of an heretick it is, which thus molesteth his apostolick-ship. The friars and monks caterwauled from the

[1] EPITASIS (Gr.).—In the *ancient drama*, that part which embraces the main action of a play, and leads on to the catastrophe.

[2] SWART-RUTTER,—"A reister or swart-rutter, a German horseman."—*Cotgrave.*

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abbots and priors to the novices, wherefore, *tanquam in circo*, we will tronce him in a circle, and make him tell what lanternman, or groom of Hecate's close-stool he is, that thus nefariously and proditoriously profanes and penetrates our holy father's nostrils: what needs there any more ambages? The ringol, or ringed circle was compassed and chalked out, and the king of fishes, by the name of the king of fishes, conjured to appear in the centre of it; but *surdo cantant absurdi, sive surdum incantant fratres sordidi*, he was a king absolute, and would not be at every man's call; and if friar Pendela and his fellows had any thing to say to him, in his admiral court of the sea, let them seek him, and neither in Hull, Hell, nor Halifax.

They seeing, that by, their charms and spells they could spell nothing of him, fell to a more charitable suppose, that it might be the distressed soul of some king that was drowned, who, being long in purgatory, and not relieved by the prayers of the church, had leave, in that disguised form, to have egress and regress to Rome, to crave their benevolence of dirges, trentals, and so forth, to help him forward on his journey to *Limbus Patrum*, or *Elysium;* and because they would not easily believe what tortures in purgatory he had sustained, unless they were eye-witnesses of them, he thought to represent to all their senses the image and idea of

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his combustion, and broiling there, and the horrible stench of his sins accompanying both under his frying and broiling on the coals, in the Pope's kitchen, and the intolerable smell or stink he sent forth under either. *Una voce* in this spleen to Pope Vigilius they ran, and craved that this king of fishes might first have Christian burial; next, that he might have masses sung for him, and last, that for a Saint he would canonize him. All these he granted, to be rid of his filthy redolence, and his chief casket, wherein he put all his jewels, he made the coffin of his enclosure, and, for his ensainting, look the almanack in the beginning of April; and see if you can find out such a saint as Saint Gildard, which, in honour of this gilded fish, the Pope ensainted; nor there he rested and stopped, but in the mitigation of the very embers whereon he was singed, that, after he was taken by them, fumed most fulsomely of his fatty droppings, he ordained Ember-weeks in their memory, to be fasted everlastingly.

I had well nigh forgot a special point of my Romish history, and that is, how Madam Celina Cornificia, one of the curiousest courtezans of Rome, when the fame of the king of fishes was canon-roared in her ears, she sent all her jewels to the Jewish Lombard to pawn, to buy and incaptive him to her trencher; but her purveyor came a day after the fair, and, as he came, so he fared, for not a scrap of him,

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but the cobs of the two herrings, the fisherman had eaten, remained of him, and those cobs, rather than he would go home with a sleeveless answer, he bought at the rate of fourscore ducats (they were rich cobs you must rate them) and of them all cobbing country chuffs, which make their bellies and their bags their Gods, are called rich cobs. Every man will not clap hands at this tale: The Norwichers, *imprimis*, who say, the first gilding of herrings was deducted from them: and, after this guise, they tune the accent of their speech, how that when Castor was Norwich (a town two miles beyond this Norwich, that is termed to this day Norwich Castor, and having monuments of a castle in it, environing fifty acres of ground, and ring-bolts in the walls, whereto ships were fastened) our Norwich, now upon her legs, was a poor fisher-town, and the sea spawled and springed up to her common stairs in Confur-street.

All this may pass in the Queen's peace, and no man say bo to it; but, bawwaw, quoth Bagshaw, to that which drawlatcheth behind, of the first taking of herrings there, and currying and gilding them amongst them; whereof, if they could whisper to us any simple likelihood, or raw-bone carcass of reason, more than their imaginary dream of Gilding-cross in their parish of St. Saviour's, (now stumped up by the roots) so named, as they would have it, of the smoky

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gilding of Herrings there first invented, I could well have allowed of; but they must bring better cards before they win it from Yarmouth.

As good a toy to mock an ape was it of him, that showed a country fellow the Red Sea, where all the Red-Herrings were made (as some places in the sea, where the sun is most transpiercing, and beats with his rays ferventest, will look as red as blood) and the jest of a scholar in Cambridge, that standing angling on the town-bridge there, as the country people on the market-day passed by, secretly baited his hook with a Red-Herring, with a bell about the neck; and so conveying it into the water that no man perceived it, all on the sudden, when he had a competent throng gathered about him, up he twitched it again, and laid it openly before them; whereat the gaping rural fools, driven into no less admiration than the common people about London, some few years since, were at the bubbling of Moor-ditch, swore by their Christendoms, that, as many days and years as they had lived, they never saw such a miracle of a Red-Herring taken in fresh water before. The greedy sea-gull, ignorance, is apt to devour anything: For a new Messias they are ready to expect of the Bedlam hatmaker's wife by London Bridge; he that proclaims himself Elias, and saith he is inspired with mutton and porridge: And, with them, it is current, that Don Sebastian,

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King of Portugal, slain twenty years since with Stukeley at the battle of Alcazar, is raised from the dead, like Lazarus, and alive to be seen at Venice. Let them look to themselves as they will, for I am theirs to gull them better than ever I have done; and this I am sure, I have distributed gudgeon dole amongst them, as God's plenty, as any stripling of my slender of wit far or near. They needs will have it so, much good do it them, I cannot do withal: For, if but carelessly, betwixt sleeping and waking, I write I know not what, against plebeian publicans and sinners, no better than the sworn brokers of candlestick-turners and tinkers, and leave some terms in suspence, that my post-haste want of argent will not give me elbow-room enough to explain and examine as I would, out steps me an infant squib of the inns of court, that hath not half greased his dining-cap, or scarce warmed his lawyer's cushion; and he, to approve himself an extravagant statesman, catcheth hold of a rush, and absolutely concludeth, it is meaned the Emperor of Russia, and that it will utterly mar the traffick into that country, if all the pamphlets be not called in and suppressed, wherein that libelling word is mentioned. Another, if but a head or tail of any beast, he boasts of in his crest or his escutcheon, be reckoned up by chance in a volume where a man hath just occasion to reckon up all beasts in armoury, he

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straight engageth himself, by the honour of his house and his never reculed sword, to thrash down the hairy roof of that brain that so seditiously mutinied against him, with the mortiferous bastinado; or cast such an incurable Italian trench in his face, as not the basest creeper upon pattens by the highway-side, but shall abhor him worse than the carrion of a dead corpse, or a man hanged up in gibbets.

I will deal more boldly, and yet it shall be securely, and in the way of honesty, to a number of God's fools, that, for their wealth might by deep wise men, and so forth (as now-a-days, in the opinion of the best lawyers of England, there is no wisdom without wealth, allege what you can to the contrary of all the beggarly sages of Greece) these, I say, out of some discourses of mine, which were a mingle mangle *cum putre*, and I know not what to make of myself, have fished out such a deep politic state meaning, as if I had all the secrets of court and commonwealth at my fingers ends. Talk I of a bear; O, it is such a man that emblazons him in his arms; or of a wolf, a fox, or a chameleon, any lording, whom they do not affect, it is meaned by. The great potentate, stirred up with those perverse applications, not looking into the text itself, but the ridiculous comment; or, if he looks into it, follows no other more charitable comment than that, straight thunders out his displeasure, and showers down the

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whole tempest of his indignation upon me; and, to amend the matter, and fully absolve himself of this rash error of misconstruing, he commits it over to be prosecuted by a worse misconstruer than himself, *videlicet*, his learned counsel (God forgive me, if I slander them with that title of learned, for generally they are not) and they, being compounded of nothing but vociferation and clamour, rage and fly out they care not how against a man's life, his person, his parentage, two hours before they come to the point, little remembering their own privy escapes with their laundresses, or their night walks to St. Pancras, together with the hobnailed houses of their carterly ancestry, from whence they are sprung, that have cooled plough jades buttocks time out of mind, with the breath of their whistling, and with retailing their dung to manure lands, and selling straw and chaff, scratched up the pence to make them gentlemen. But, Lord, how miserably do these ethnicks, when they once match to the purpose, set words on the tenters, never reading to a period, which you shall scarce find in thirty sheets of a lawyer's declaration, whereby they might comprehend the entire sense of the writer together, but disjoint and tear every syllable betwixt their teeth severally? And if, by no means, they can make it odious, they will be sure to bring it into disgrace by ill-favoured mouthing and mis-sounding it.

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These be they, that use men's writings like brute beasts, to make them draw which way they list, as a principal agent, in church controversies of this our time, complaineth.

I have read a tale of a poor man and an advocate, which poor man complained to the King of wrong that the advocate had done, in taking away his cow. The King made him no answer but this, That he would send for the advocate, and hear what he could say. Nay, quoth the poor man, if you be at that pass, that you will pause to hear what he will say, I have utterly lost my cow, for he hath words enough to make fools of ten thousand. So he, that shall have his lines bandied by our usual plodders in Fitzherbert, let him not care whether they be right or wrong; for they will writh and turn them as they list, and make the author believe he meaned that which he did not mean; and, for a knitting up conclusion, his credit is unreprievably lost, that, on bare suspicion in such cases, shall but have his name controverted amongst them; and, if I should fall into their hands, I would be pressed to death for obstinate silence, and never seek to clear myself, for it is in vain, since both they will confound a man's memory with their tedious babbling, and, in the first three words of his apology, with impudent exclamation, interrupt him; whereas their mercenary tongues, lie they never so loudly,

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without check or control, must have their free passage for five hours together.

I speak of the worse sort, not of the best, whom I hold in high admiration, as well for their singular gifts of art and nature, as their untainted consciences with corruption; and, from some of them, I avow, I have heard as excellent things flow, as ever I observed in Tully or Demosthenes. Those that were present at the arraignment of Lopus, (to insist upon no other particular, hereof,) I am sure, will bear me record. Latinless dolts, saturnine heavy-headed blunderers, my invective hath relation to; such as count all arts puppet-plays, and pretty rattles to please children, in comparison of their confused barbarous law, which, if it were set down in any Christian language, but the Getan tongue, it would never grieve a man to study it.

Neither Ovid, nor Ariosto, could, by any persuasion of their parents, be induced to study the civil law, for the harshness of it; how much more, had they been alive at this day, and born in our nation, would they have consented to study this uncivil Norman hotchpotch? This sow of lead, that hath never a ring at the end to lift it up by, is, without head, or foot, the deformedest monster that may be! I stand lawing here, what with these lawyers, and self-conceited misinterpreters, so long, that my Red-Herring, which was hot broiling on

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the coals, is waxed stark cold for want of blowing. Have with them for a riddle or two, only to set their wits a nibbling, and their jobbernowls a working, and so good night to the seignories, but, with this indentment and caution, that, though there be neither rhyme nor reason in it, as, by my goodwill there shall not, they, according to their accustomed gentle favours, whether I will or no, shall supply it with either, and run over all the peers of the land in peevish moralising and anatomizing it.

There was a Herring, or there was not, for it was but a cropshin, (one of the refuse sort of Herrings,) and this Herring, or this cropshin, was sensed and thurified in the smoke, and had got him a suit of durance, that would last longer than one of Erra Pater's almanacks, or a constable's brown bill; only his head was in his tail, and that made his breath so strong, that no man could abide him. Well, he was a Triton of his time, and a sweet-singing calander to the state, yet, not beloved of the showery Pleiades, or the Colossus of the sun; however, he thought himself another *Tumidus Antimachus*, as complete an Adelantado, as he that is known by wearing a cloak of tuft-taffeta eighteen years; and to Lady Turbot there is no demur but he would needs go a-wooing, and offered her, for a dowry, whole hetacombs, and a two-handed sword; she stared upon him with Megara's eyes, (like Iris

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the messenger of Juno,) and bad him go eat a fool's head and garlick, for she would have none of him; thereupon, particularly, strictly, and usually, he replied, "That, though thunder never lights on Phœbus's tree, and Amphion, that worthy musician, was husband to Niobe, and there was no such acceptable incense to the heavens as the blood of a traitor; revenged he would be, by one chimera of imagination or other, and hamper and embark her in those mortal streights, for her disdain, that, in spite of divine symmetry and miniature, into her busky grove she should let him enter, and bid adieu, sweet Lord, or the cramp of death should wrest her heart-strings."

This speech was no spirable odour to the Achelous of her audience; whereupon, she charged him, by the extreme lineaments of the Erimanthean bear, and by the privy fistula of the Pierides, to commit no such excruciating syllables to the yielding air; for she would sooner make her a French hood of a cowshard,[1] and a gown of spider's webs, with the sleeves drawn out with cabbages, than be so contaminated any more with his abortive loathly motives: With this, in an Olympick rage, he calls for a clean shirt, and puts on five pair of buskins, and seeketh out eloquent Xenophon, (out of whose

COWSHARD.—Cowdung.

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mouth the Muses spoke,) to declaim, in open court, against her.

The action is entered, the complaint of her wintered brows presented, of a violent rape of his heart she is indicted and convicted. The circumstance that follows you may imagine or suppose; or, without supposing and imagining, I will tell you, the nut was cracked, the strife discussed, and the centre of her heart laid open; and, to this wild of sorrow and excruciament she was confined, either to be held a flat thornback, or sharp pricking dog-fish to the public weal, or seal herself close to his seal-skinned riveled lips, and suffer herself, as a spirit, to be conjured into the hellish circle of his embraces.

It would not be good cropshin, Madam Turbot could not away with such a dry withered carcass to lie by her; *currat rex, vivat lex*, come what would, she would have none of him; wherefore, as a poisoner of mankind with her beauty, she was adjudged to be boiled to death in hot scalding water, and to have her posterity thoroughly sauced, and soused, and pickled in barrels of brinish tears, so ruthful and dolorous, that the inhabitants on the Bosphorus should be laxative in deploring it. O! for a legion of mice-eyed decipherers and calculators upon characters, now to augurate what I mean by this; the devil, if it stood upon his salvation, can-

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not do it, much less petty devils, and cruel Rhadamanths upon earth (elsewhere in France and Italy *subintelligitur*, and not in our auspicious island climate) men that have no means to purchase credit with their prince, but by putting him still in fear, and beating into his opinion, that they are the only preservers of his life, in sitting up night and day in sifting out treasons, when they are the most traitors themselves, to his life, health, and quiet, in continual commacerating him with dread and terror; when, but to get a pension, or bring him in their debt next to God, for upholding his vital breath, it is neither so, nor so, but some fool, some drunken man, some madman in an intoxicated humour, hath uttered he knew not what, and they being starved for intelligence, or want of employment, take hold of it with tooth and nail, and, in spite of all the waiters, will violently break into the King's chamber, and awake him at midnight to reveal it.

Say, that a more piercing lynceous sight should dive into the entrails of this insinuating parasite's knavery; to the strapado and the stretching torture he will refer it for trial, and there either tear him limb from limb, but he will extract some capital confession from him, that shall concern the Prince's life, and his crown and dignity, and bring himself in such necessary request about his Prince, that he may hold him for his right hand, and the only staff

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of his royalty, and think he were undone, if he were without him; when the poor fellow, so tyrannously handled, would rather, in that extremity of convulsion, confess he crucified Jesus Christ, than abide it any longer. I am not against it (for, God forbid I should) that it behoves all loyal, true subjects to be vigilant and jealous for their Prince's safety; and, certainly too jealous and vigilant of it they cannot be, if they be good princes that reign over them, nor use too many means of disquisition by tortures, or otherwise, to discover treasons pretended against them; but, upon the least wagging of a straw, to put them, in fear where no fear is, and make a hurly-burly in the realm upon had I wist, not so much for any zeal or love to their princes, or tender care of their preservation, as to pick thanks and curry a little favour, that thereby they may lay the foundation to build a suit on, or cross some great enemy they have, I will maintain, it is most lewd and detestable; I accuse none, but such there have been belonging to princes in former ages, if there be not at this hour.

Stay, let me look about: Where am I? In my text, or out of it? Not out, for a groat; Out, for an angel: Nay, I will lay no wagers, for, now I perponder more sadly upon it, I think I am out indeed, Bear with it; it was but a pretty parenthesis of princes and their parasites, which shall do

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you no harm, for I will cloy you with Herring before we part.

Will you have the other riddle of the cropshin, to make up the pair that I promised you? You shall, you shall (not have it, I mean) but bear with me, for I cannot spare it, and, I persuade myself, you will be well contended to spare it, except it were better than the former; and yet, I pray you, What fault can you find with the former? Hath it any more sense in it, than it should have? Is it not right of the merry cobbler's cut, in the witty play of "The Case is Altered?"[1]

I will speak a proud word, though it may be accounted arrogancy in me to praise my own stuff: If it be not more absurd than Phillip's Venus, The White Tragedy, or The Green Knight, or I can tell what English to make of it in part, or in whole, I wish, in the foulest weather that is, to go in cut Spanish leather shoes, or silk stockings, or to stand bare-headed to a nobleman, and not get of him the price of a periwig to cover my bare crown; no, not so much as a pipe of tobacco to raise my spirits, and warm my brain.

My readers, peradventure, may see more into it than I can; for, in comparison of them, in whatso-

[1]THE CASE IS ALTERED.—A comedy attributed to Ben Jonson, and written before the end of the year 1599, although not printed till ten years after.

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ever I set forth I am *(Bernardus non vidit omnia)* as blind as blind Bayard, and have the eyes of a beetle; nothing from them is obscure, they being quicker sighted than the sun, to espy in his beams the motes that are not, and able to transform the lightest murmuring gnat to an elephant. Carp, or descant they, as their spleen moves them, my spleen moves me not to defile my hands with them, but to fall a crash more to the Red-Herring.

How many are there in the world, that childishly deprave alchymy, and cannot spell the first letter of it! In the black book of which ignorant band of scorners, it may be, I am scored up with the highest: If I am, I must entreat them to wipe me out, for the Red-Herring hath lately been my ghostly father to convert me to their faith; the *probatum est* of whose transfiguration *ex luna in solem*, from his dusky tin hue into a perfect golden blandishment, only by the foggy smoke of the grossest kind of fire that is, illumines, my speculative soul, what much more, not sophisticate, or superficial effects, but absolute, essential alterations of metals there may be made by an artificial, repurified flame, and divers other helps of nature added besides.

Cornelius Agrippa maketh mention of some philosophers, that held the skin of the sheep, that bore the golden fleece, to be nothing but a book of alchymy written upon it; so, if we should examine

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matters to the proof, we should find the Red-Herring's skin to be little less: The accidence of alchymy I will swear it is, be it but for that experiment of his smoking alone; and, (which is a secret that all tapsters will curse me for blabbing,) in his skin there is plain witchcraft; for, do but rub a can, or quart pot round about the mouth with it, let the cunningest lick-spiggot swelt his heart out, the beer shall never foam or froth in the cup, whereby to deceive men of their measure, but be as settled as if it stood all night.

Next, to draw on hounds to a scent, to a Red-Herring's skin there is nothing comparable; the round, or cob of it, dried and beaten to powder, is *ipse ille* against the stone; and, of the whole body of it itself, the finest ladies beyond seas frame their kickshaws.

The rebel Jack Cade was the first, that devised to put Red-Herrings in cades,[1] and from him they have their name. Now, as we call it, the swinging of Herrings, when he caded them; so in a halter was

[1]CADES.—A *cade* of herrings, a cask or barrel containing six hundred of them, from which *keg* is evidently corrupted. There can be no doubt that it was made from *cadus*, notwithstanding Nash's fanciful, or rather jocular derivation, in his *Lenten Stuff, or Praise of the Red-Herring.* Shakespeare has turned the derivation the contrary way:—

"*Jack Cade.*—We, John Cade, so called from our supposed father——
"*Dick.*—Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings *(aside).*"

Nares' Glossary.

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he swung, and trussed up as hard and round as any cade of Herrings he trussed up in his time, and perhaps of his being so swung and trussed up, having first found out the trick to cade herring, they would so much honour him in his death, as not only to call it swinging, but cading of herring also. If the text will bear this, we will force it to bear more, but it shall be but the weight of a straw, or the weight of Jack Straw more, who with the same *Græca fide*, I marted unto you in the former, was the first that put the Red-Herring in straw, over head and ears like beggars, and the fishermen upon that Jack-strawed him ever after; and some, (for he was so beggarly a knave that challenged to be a gentleman, and had no wit nor wealth but what he got by the warm wrapping up herring) raised this proverb of him, "Gentleman Jack Herring that puts his breeches on his head, for want of wearing." Other disgraceful proverbs of the Herring there are, as, "Never a barrel better herring; Neither flesh nor fish, nor good Red-Herring," which those, that have bitten with ill bargains of either sort, have dribbed forth in revenge, and yet not have them from Yarmouth; many coast towns, besides it, enterprising to cure, salt, and pickle up herrings, but mar them; because they want the right feat, how to salt and season them. So I could pluck a crow with poet Martial for calling it *putre halec*, the scald rotten

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herring; but he meant that of the fat restive Scottish herrings, which will endure no salt, and in one month (bestow what cost on them you will) wax rammish, if they be kept; whereas our embarreled white herrings, flourishing with the stately brand of Yarmouth upon them, (*scilicet*, the three half lions, and three half fishes, with the crown over their head,) last in long voyages, better than the Red-Herring, and not only are famous at Rouen, Paris, Dieppe, and Caen (whereof the first, which is Rouen, serveth all the high countries of France with it, and Dieppe, which is the last save one, victuals all Picardy with it) but here at home is made account of like a Marquess, and received at court right solemnly; I care not much if I rehearse to you the manner, and that is thus:

Every year about Lent-Tide, the sheriffs of Norwich bake certain herring pies, (four and twenty as I take it,) and send them as a homage to the Lord of Castor hard by there, for lands that they hold of him; who presently upon the like tenure, in bouncing hampers covered over with his cloth of arms, sees them conveyed to the Court in the best equipage; at Court when they are arrived, his man rudely enters not at first, but knocketh very civilly, and then officers come and fetch him in with torch-light, where, having disfraughted and unloaded his luggage, to supper he sets him down like a lord,

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with his wax lights before him, and hath his mess of meat allowed him with the largest, and his horses *(quatenus* horses*)* are provendered as epicurely: After this, some four mark fee towards his charges is tendered him, and he jogs home again merrily.

A white pickle herring? Why, it is meat for a Prince. Haunce Vandervecke of Rotterdam, (as a Dutch post informed me,) in bare pickled herring, laid out twenty thousand pounds, the last fishing: He had lost his drinking belike, and thought to store himself of medicines enough to recover it.

Noble Cæsarean Charlemagne Herring, Pliny and Gesner were to blame they slubbered thee over so negligently. I do not see why any man should envy thee, since thou art none of these Lurcones or Epulones, gluttons, or flesh-pots of Egypt (as one, that writes of the Christians captivity under the Turk, styleth us Englishmen) nor livest thou by the unliving or eviscerating of others, as most fishes do, or by an extraordinary filth whatsoever; but, as the chameleon liveth by the air, and the salamander by the fire, so only by the water art thou nourished, and nought else, and must swim as well dead as alive.

Be of good cheer, my weary readers, for I have espied land, as Diogenes said to his weary scholars, when he had read to a waste leaf. Fishermen, I hope, will not find fault with me for fishing before

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the net, or making all fish that comes to the net in this history, since, as the Athenians bragged, they were the first that invented wrestling; and one Erichthonius amongst them, he was the first that joined horses in collar-couples for drawing; so I am the first that ever set quill to paper in praise of any fish or fisherman.

Not one of the poets aforetime could give you or the sea a good word. Ovid saith,

———*Nimium ne credite ponto,*

The sea is a slippery companion, take heed how you trust him.

And further,

———*Perjurii pœnas repetit ille locus,*

It is a place like hell, good for nothing but to punish perjurers:

With innumerable invectives more against it, throughout in every book.

Plautus, in his *Rudens*, bringeth in fishermen cowthring and quaking, dung-wet after a storm, and complaining their miserable case in this form: *Captamus cibum è mari; si eventus non venit, neque quicquam captum est piscium, salsi lautique domum redimus clancùlum, dorminus incœnati:* "All the meat that we eat we catch out of the sea, and if there we miss, well washed and salted, we sneak home to bed supperless;" and upon the tail of it he brings in a parasite that flouteth and bourdeth them thus: *Heus*

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vos famelica gens hominum, ut vivitis, ut peritis? Hough! you hunger-starved gubbins, or offals of men, how thrive you? how perish you? And they cringing in their necks, like rats, smothered in the hold, poorly replied, *Vivimus fame, speque sitique*, "With hunger and hope, and thirst, we content ourselves." If you would not misconceit, that I studiouly intended your defamation, you should have thick hail-shot of these.

Not the lousy riddle wherewith fishermen constrained, some say Homer, some say another philosopher, to drown himself, because he could not expound it, but should be dressed and set before you *supernagulum*, with eight score more galliard cross-points, and kickshiwinshes, of giddy ear-wig brains, were it not I thought you too fretful and cholerick with feeding altogether on salt meats, to have the secrets of your trade in publick displayed. Will this appease you, that you are the predecessors of the Apostles, who were poorer fishermen than you? That, for your seeing wonders in the deep, you may be the sons and heirs of the prophet Jonas; that you are all cavaliers and gentlemen, since the king of fishes vouchsafed you for his subjects; that, for your selling smoke, you may be courtiers, for your keeping of fasting days friar observants; and lastly, that, look in what town there is the sign of the three

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mariners, the huff-cappest[1] drink in that house you shall be sure of always.

No more can I do for you than I have done, were you my God-children every one: God make you his children, and keep you from the Dunkirkers, and then, I doubt not but, when you are driven into harbour by foul weather, the cans shall walk to the health of "Nashe's Lenten Stuff, or the Praise of the Red-Herring"; and even those that attend upon the pitch kettle, will be drunk to to my good fortunes and recommendums. One boon you must not refuse me in (if you be *boni socia* and sweet Olivers) that you let not your rusty swords sleep in their scabbards, but lash them out in my quarrel as hotly, as if you were to cut cables, or hew the main-mast over board, when you hear me mangled and torn in men's mouths about this playing with a shuttlecock, or tossing empty bladders in the air.

Alas! poor hunger-starved muse, we shall have some spawn of a goose-quill, or overworn pander, quirking and girding, "Was it so hard driven that it had nothing to feed upon but a Red-Herring?" Another drudge of the pudding-house (all whose lawful means to live by throughout the whole year will scarce purchase him a Red-Herring) says I might as well have writ of a dog's turd, (in his teeth

[1]HUFF-CAP.—Strong ale. "These men hale at *huf cap* till they be red as cocks, and little wiser than their combs."—*Harrison's England*, p. 202.

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sir-reverence.) But, let none of these scum of the suburbs be too vinegar tart with me; for, if they are, I'll take mine oath upon a Red-Herring and eat it, to prove that their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great grandfathers, or any other of their kin, were, scullions dishwash, and dirty draff and swill set against a Red-Herring. The puissant Red-Herring, the golden Hesperides Red-Herring, the Mæonian Red-Herring, the Red-Herring of Red-Herring's Hall, every pregnant peculiar of whose resplendent laud and honour, to delineate and adumbrate to the ample life, were a work that would drink dry fourscore and eighteen Castilian fountains of eloquence, consume another Athens of facundity and abate the haughtiest poetical fury betwixt this and the burning zone and the tropick of Cancer. My conceit is cast into a sweating sickness, with ascending these few steps of his renown; into what a hot broiling Saint Laurence's fever would it relapse then, should I spend the whole bag of my wind in climbing up to the lofty mountain crest of his trophies? But no more wind will I spend on it but this: Saint Denis for France, Saint James for Spain, Saint Patrick for Ireland, Saint George for England, and the RED-HERRING FOR YARMOUTH.

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